

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 5

September 2013

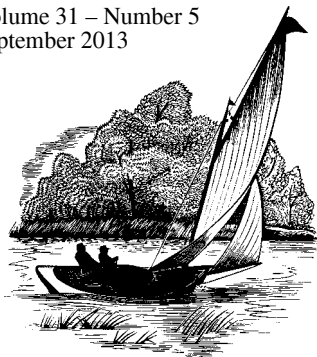
**Special Features This Issue**  
An Extraordinary Voyager  
Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition  
Everglades Challenge 2013 – Solo in the Glades  
Navigator...a 20' Cruising Dinghy



# messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 31 – Number 5  
September 2013



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St  
Wenham, MA 01984-1043  
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks  
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman  
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

**Jane Hicks at**  
**maib.office@gmail.com**

## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Review
- 8 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop
- 10 Mystic Seaport Launches Historic  
Whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*
- 11 The Apprentice
- 15 Everglades Challenge 2013
- 22 Solo in the Glades
- 26 An Extraordinary Voyager
- 28 St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 8: I see  
you've got your wits about you"
- 30 From the Tiki Hut
- 32 *Helen Marie* Still Unfinished?
- 33 Museum John's Everglades  
Challenge Boat
- 34 The Bucket List: Part 6
- 36 *Nameless* in Cayuga
- 37 Finishing
- 38 The \$200 Nav Station
- 40 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Navigator
- 43 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design:  
Two Some Long Range Perauger:  
Part 2
- 48 An Interview with Howard I. Chapelle
- 49 Taxes, Registrations and Other  
Misdemeanors
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, September 2013



## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I hadn't been following the America's Cup action this summer as it ramped up for its September showdown in San Francisco until it turned up as an item on national TV news as typical mass media coverage of the more "obscure" sports, a spectacular tipover of one of the big tris in which a crewman fell off the high side and died. Sorta like when the mass media "covers" auto racing only when a big crash and burn takes place. As an aside on this latter (I'm not a NASCAR fan), auto racing draws a bigger attendance nationwide than all the so-called major spectator sports (hit, kick and throw the ball stuff) that get comprehensive coverage right down to endless chat by announcers with athletes who play their games very well but are typically inarticulate.

A closer look at the America's Cup reveals that in recent years it seems to be attempting to become a spectator sport with its format and locale. Ever since the US lost the Cup, others than the New York Yacht Club gentry got control of how the game would be played. Until then the competitors sailed out of that Club's Newport, Rhode Island, location into the open ocean far beyond public view (other than that a smallish spectator boat fleet) in stately monohulls (lastly the 12 meters shrunken down from the giant J Boats). It was a game (and show) for the insiders with a growing but still modest spectator fleet.

Now we find giant, fast (40mph is indeed fast for sailing but hardly so in an absolute sense) trimarans racing around the buoys in a sort of amphitheatre in San Francisco Bay for an assembled landside multitude to oooh and aaah over such displays of skill and daring (and very large pocketbook indulgence). In control are today's big money men, businessmen seemingly unable to separate sport from trade. As winner last time Larry Ellison (second wealthiest man in the US, or is it third?) got to call the tune for this year's match, format, boat type and location. As a result the graceful yachts of yore with towering white sails aloft, are gone, replaced with technological marvels with rigid wingsails and hulls plastered with sponsors' name's like those NASCAR cars.

Alas, something seems to have gone amiss. A non nautical newspaper, the UK's *Guardian*, summarized it thusly: "America's Cup faces disaster as sailing race shrivels to bickering rump." They go on to cite

particulars: "A sailor dead; a boat capsized; a competitor's boycott; an angry sponsor demanding a partial \$3 million refund." All this just in the preliminaries which are run as the Louis Vuitton Cup to choose the challenger to reigning champion Larry Ellison's Oracle tri.

Fifteen teams were supposed to take part in the thrilling spectacle before the onlooking multitudes predicted to bring in \$1.4 billion to the host city but only three have turned up (reportedly it now takes about \$100 million to field a challenger) bickering all the while so that some of the match races were just solo exhibitions. An indicator of the level of public interest was a report in a San Francisco newspaper that "hundreds" watched one of the "races" on one occasion. Hundreds? Yup. All this now seems to indicate that "instead of reaping a financial bonanza, analysts say the city may now lose millions."

Despite all this bad news the race spokesman continues to trumpet the event's attractions in a major spin effort: "We're disappointed to have only three challengers... but the truth is that all three are probably the best prepared teams we've seen in the history of the America's Cup. I think we're going to have a hell of an event."

Well, okay. For the participants surely, for sailboat racing is really an exciting participant sport. And any spectators who do turn up to watch who are themselves into their own level of sail racing will surely find watching the giant tris in action exciting sport. But the general public? Non sailors viewing sail racing for the first time have likened it to "watching grass grow." Even 40mph way out there on the bay is unlikely to arouse thrills. Maybe "grass growing on steroids?"

The biggest turnoff to me is the presence in the America's Cup nowadays of the ongoing ever growing flood of advertising thrust into our faces no matter where we turn for information or entertainment. Coupled to this is the greed of wannabe hosts for any activity that might bring them a financial bonanza for their politicians to recklessly spend on their own self indulgences. In the Newport days that small city already was the East Coast yachting mecca and the wealthy guys who went off to race for the "Auld Mug" in their yachts felt no need to plaster "sponsors" names on their boats. They paid their own bills out of pocket, part of the fun.

## On the Cover...

Shemaya Laurel sailed her Bolger Cabin Chebacco *Auklet* into a cove in front of reader Bill Cheney's home on the Maine coast last summer on her extended six-month cruise along the New England coast and immediately caught his fancy enough that he now brings us her story in this issue. Despite long term chronic after effects of Lyme Disease which severely limit her physical activities, Shemaya told Bill that, "she prefers to think of it as an opportunity to 'learn many new things.'" She sees life as an adventurous journey in which you take the cards you are dealt and always try to make the most of them.

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

It seemed a reluctant spring. Even though the crocuses had been up for weeks; even though the daffodils had begun to open, the temperature still fell well into the twenties each night, and the pusslets asked to come back in at half past six with cold ears and their tails fully fluffed. It generally soared into the forties before mid-morning. The sun came out and it promised to be glorious. By the time I got to the boatyard, it had clouded over, the wind was blowing, and I was hunkered within my hooded sweatshirt, wondering if this weekend boded well for sailing.

I'd been out four times last winter. Now that it was spring, I shouldn't have made a fuss. The mermaids, I mean the seals, had done basking on the rocks and had returned to the Maritime Provinces where it isn't so oppressively hot in April. Of course, they all have extremely warm and fashionable sealskin coats, for which they each paid some exorbitant price, as you, too, paid for your extremely thin skin.

I've been thinking how cold-intolerant I've become with approaching old age. Maybe that's why I'm considering moving to the Maritime Provinces, myself. I've never been gifted with the art of clever decisions. It's taken me all this while to decide that I could write, and look at the results.

I've written so much that I haven't had the time for more than two marriages. Written so much that I needed to paint four coats of ablative bottom paint on *MoonWind* to avoid having to take the time to haul her. Written so much that I'm forced to arise at the crack of dawn to indulge my filthy habit. It's gotten so that my friends have begun to talk. This could have been avoided had I had the sense not to tell them where I'd published my articles.

This is supposed to be a forum where I muse about boats. Sometimes I find myself thinking of other things. This is a sign that I need to get out on the water again, and drown my youthful inhibitions and tendencies to reflect. There are plenty of sunlit pools to perform that function. But I've nearly given up walking in the woods. There was a time when I could be happy sitting by a tiny stream in a shady grove. Now, I want to count the whitecaps ruffling the harbor. And sail off to foreign shores, maybe even as far as Massachusetts. Even though the folks there are just a bit strange and use an alphabet with fewer consonants, there are good times to be had there. Most everyone is friendly, and would just as soon help to haul me off a mudflat as laugh at me for pronouncing the letter 'R.'

But sailing to Massachusetts entails making plans and plotting courses and buying ice to keep the ice cream warm. It isn't something I would do on the spur of impulse. Not like dashing out to the Race to look for larger waves, or sailing up the Connecticut in hopes of getting becalmed. No, careful planning is called for. I need to lay in a goodly supply of chain plates, and inform my next of kin should something untoward, say a fair day, occur. It's fifty miles, or more, to either Cuttyhunk or Westport, and anything has been known to happen in such a stretch of time. People have made and broken marriage engagements; other boats powered by only the wind have been spotted; rectitude has been probed and discovered free of any restriction; quietude has been apprehended and kept for examination.

Voyaging over the water is no joke. Some of my closest friends have gone abroad and never returned. A friend of mine made it through the Cape Cod Canal on a dare, and now is never heard from except at Christmas.



Family Owned  
& Operated  
since 1953

## Glen-L Marine Designs 60 Years Serving Boatbuilders Worldwide

- 300 Exceptional Boat Designs
  - Row/Power/Sail
  - 5-ft. to 55-ft.

Full-sized patterns & detailed phase-by-phase instructions enable *anyone* to fulfill their dreams

### SPECIAL OFFER

- 288-page Book of Boat Designs
- *Free Dinghy Plans*
- *Free Shipping*

Send just \$9.95 to address below



*"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"*  
—Bob

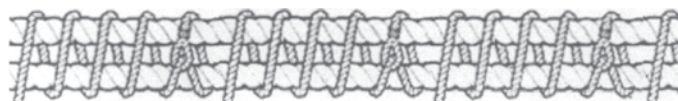
*I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design."*  
—Kevin



*"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate."*  
—Mark



Glen-L Marine • 9152 Rosecrans Avenue/MA •  
Bellflower, CA 90706 • 888-700-5007  
Online Catalog: [Glen-L.com/MA](http://Glen-L.com/MA)





# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Sailing Around Through the Years

I sail in Florida where I live in Palm Bay on the east coast just south of Cocoa. I just took a 580 mile trip to Marathon Key and back. Had to wait for many bridges in Miami/Ft Lauderdale area. Probably wasted a half a day doing that. I was traveling alongside a friend in his trawler so I didn't actually do much sailing. Not your usual sailing hindrance. Trip took 18 days.

I have a 1987 O'Day 272 with a Honda 9.9. From '86 to '94 I had a Dovekie and used to sail the Chesapeake with the Shallow Water Sailors when I lived in Poughkeepsie, New York, area. Sailed it to Cuttyhunk and Martha's Vineyard in '91 with Peter Duff and the Edey and Duff sailors from Mattapoissett. Moved to Atlanta in '93 and took it to Cedar Key in '93 and '94. Sold it in '94 and bought a Catalina 25 to sail on Lake Allatoona near Atlanta but kept going back to Cedar Key in my Snark or kayak. Cedar Key is a wonderful place. Have gone there about 14 out of the last 20 years for the small boat rendezvous in May.

John Martin, Palm Bay, FL

### Seen at Herreshoff's

My father built the dinghies at Herreshoff's and I row and sail one I built. I can still see Bill Liscomb planking 12 1/2s and Bill Hodgdon, his father-in-law, planking the larger ones upside down on "The Molds." I can see the men all lined up with only slotted head screws and Yankee push screwdrivers. They hated Philips screws!

Gordon Sylvester, Kittery, ME

## Information of Interest...

### Tallow isn't Rocket Science but...

The book I wrote about gear for my Inside Passage trip is at the printers now and includes Oarsman Marine Tallow. It was an essential thing to have along. Here's the passage from the book:

Marine Tallow: "It isn't rocket science but there are no short cuts." Shaw and Tenney included a can of Oarsman Marine Tallow with my oars. Good call. Without tallow the oarlocks begin chewing on the leather and also the leather sticks in the oarlock rather than sliding which means I have to give the oar a little extra tug each stroke which gives ME repetitive motion strain in my shoulder sockets. Trust me on this.

As far as I know Roger Swanson in Connecticut is the only one in America who makes marine tallow for sale. Like everyone connected with wooden boats, Roger's an interesting character in his own right and he's passionate about his product.

Tallow, real tallow, is made from suet, the hard fat around the kidneys, not from back fat. Roger is adamant that his suet comes from grass fed organic cows raised without antibiotics. He recognizes a difference between suet from these healthy cows and suet from feedlot, grain fed, drug laced cows. Even further, he only uses suet from one humane slaughterhouse in Vermont.

I rendered deer tallow once but used back fat instead of suet. Probably would have been all right for oar leathers but then again, it came from a buck in rut and smelled like it. Maybe smearing deer fat on my hands and on my stuff in high density bear islands isn't the best idea. Hindu, Jew, vegan and others opposed to tallow can give lanolin a go. Much better than nothing.

Dick Callahan, Juneau, AK

### Norseman Navigation

Mr Frost's article in the July issue, "Some Speculations," was most interesting. One can add that the Arab sailors did a variation on the Norseman's stick trick using a string and his fist. He held his fist out so the horizon was at the bottom and the North Star was at the top thumb knuckle. A piece of "string" was pulled back from the fist to the chin (nose, ear, wherever). The rest of the sequence was as Mr Frost noted. The navigator needed to sail with someone else to get his knots in the proper location and the arrangement depended on the length of the individual arm and the size of the fist.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

### Fiberglass Cloth is Real Glass

For readers who don't understand that fiberglass cloth is real glass, a huge roll we have here in the shop should illustrate. It's 4' high and rolled tightly to about a 14" roll and weighs about 300lbs. Basically a roll of solid glass and a back breaker to try to handle.

Dave Lucas, The Tiki Hut, Bradenton, FL

### Ptolemaic Facts Somewhat Erroneous

Being knowledgeable about Annapolis, Cape Charles City, Bermuda and the waters between the East Coast and the Caribbean, I enjoyed reading Patricia DalyLipe's article "A Sailing Trip: To St Maartin from Annapolis." I congratulate her for getting around and touring Bermuda rather than just scurrying to a bar seat in the White Horse Tavern in St George, as most of us sailors were won't to do.

However, some of her Ptolemaic facts are somewhat erroneous. She writes, "(Claudius) Ptolemy (90-168 AD) was the first astronomer to measure the circumference of the earth." The measurement that she attributes to him were made over three centuries earlier by Eratosthenes of Cyrene (276-196 BC). His classic measurement, which is remarkably close to what we now know, is the world's oldest documented scientific experiment. Ptolemy's circumference, based only on conjectures from available literature, was only three-fourths of what it actually is.

Aristarchus of Samos (310-230 BC) wrote that the earth rotated around the sun 18 centuries before (Nicolaus) Copernicus (1473-1543 AD). Ptolemy's geocentric concept gave Euclidean geometry a real workout predicting the orbits of the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn compared to Aristarchus/Copernicus orbits. Ptolemy's circumference put China 8,000 miles closer to the west of Europe and is why "Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

Per Columbus, Patricia states, "He had initially encountered 250,000 or more people but at the end of ten years that population had been completely wiped out. Labor, mines, slaughter." The overwhelming killer was not these three but the "white man's" smallpox. It not only slaughtered the Caribbeans, but also the Aztecs, Incas and American Indians. The "slaughtered" in return gave white men syphilis.

John W. Cooper, San Antonio TX

## Information Wanted...

### Seat Height and Stability

I hope you can help me out about stability of double paddle kayaks that are just used on flatwaters. I've built three using stitch and glue. Of course, the seating is very low but the stability is great in rough water. Do you know of a stitch and glue design wherein the seating is high like in a canoe but the stability is still great? Why I'm asking about the high seat is because my wife has a bad knee and getting in and out of a low seated kayak proves to be difficult. The kayaks I have now are 9'6" long and are cartoppable. (I believe I got the plans from Bob Hicks and the boat is called the Cockleshell.) They are decked and that sure helps in rough water so I don't get flooded too much. We troll and explore the shorelines with them.

One of the kayaks I have is over 20 years old and it is made from some lauan that I bought at Home Depot and sheathed with fiberglass cloth.

Vince Leech

**Editor Comments:** Seat height inversely impacts stability, the higher the seat the higher the center of gravity, the lower the stability.

## In Memoriam...

### Remembering Hugh Ware

Really sorry to hear about Hugh, we loved to sit around the table in the Tiki Hut reading his stuff out loud and laughing at all the crazy things he finds. You'll never find anyone to replace him, his sense of humor was perfect.

Dave Lucas, Tiki Hut, Bradenton, FL

Very sorry to read of Mr Ware's death. "Beyond the Horizon" was the first item I turned to in each issue. His writing was clear, concise, readable and informative. Wish I could do as well.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL



I was sorry to hear that Hugh Ware had died. His column was a window on the big maritime world. He reported events but his voice came through wry, astute and humorous.  
Duncan Wright, Philadelphia, PA

## Opinions...

### Costs of Rescues at Sea

I was most interested in the 1934 *Rudder* editorial and your comments on government funded bailout (literal here, almost, but usually metaphorical) of negligent sailors in the July issue. Several years ago we ventured on a day's hike in the French Alps and were advised that we could purchase helicopter rescue insurance in case we had to be air lifted from a glacier, otherwise the cost would be very steep. I have long felt the Coast Guard, or public safety on inland waters, should assess a charge for rescuing boaters. The ubiquitous cell phone now gives careless sailors confidence that rescue is quickly available on demand.

My family and I cruised in New England and Canadian waters for over 40 years and I never felt that I took chances that might require the Coast Guard to rescue us from our folly, except once chained to a mooring in Block Island during a blow when we dragged the mooring ashore and needed to get pulled off. I know this observation sounds smug or even arrogant, but I tried hard not to rely on luck at any point, except in the larger sense that control of life ultimately is out of our hands.

Enough philosophy. Ocean cruising is the past, with good memories, and lake sailing, where we now live, is occasional but pleasant.

Bill Sayres, Wayne, ME

### The Number is Just Wrong

I rarely write to you, but now I must. I don't believe the printed numbers on what it costs the Coast Guard to run a boat. Cutters and aircraft are not my area of expertise, but if the "boat" figures are inflated so are the other two numbers. I run boats and that number is just wrong.

Keep in mind that the Coast Guard, state police and local police all have "boats" and they often cover the same waters. At fireworks and regattas I have seen more blue lights on the water than any reasonable boater would think necessary, so what are all those uniforms doing out there? Well, they are enjoying the show just like the rest of us. Cops like a day on the water, too. Some may be collecting overtime. As a society we have way too much police presence. If they want to save money they should cut their presence on the local waters by at least half.

I have seen USCG pulling over boats at midnight just to train newbies who have recently joined the force. OK, the training is needed and I will admit the Coast Guard is well trained and professional, but it is not fair to take all those costs and ascribe them to the first boat that is taking on water. And while the big headlines often involve the USCG, the vast majority of local rescues are done by good samaritans and Boat/US and Seatow. Not to mention the 99% of boaters who go out daily and return safely. We are getting wound around the axle because of just a few, very few, headline rescues. Let's keep it all in

perspective, enjoy our hobby and cut back on the government overhead.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding,  
Steam Launch *Black Eagle*, KentLacey@SBCglobal.net

### Speculation on "Some Speculation"

I read "Some Speculation" (Nick Fast, July, Vol 31 No 3) with great interest. Nick states that NOAA data show sea level rise has been around 6"/century and expresses doubt that such rates could increase in the future. I think speculating on the reasons of such change might illuminate the subject a little.

Current science says there are two principal causes; one, the warming of the ocean which leads to thermal expansion, and two, the melting of terrestrial ice. (Melting of FLOATING ice is not a factor, put some ice cubes in a glass of water, mark the water level and let the ice melt. Once it's gone, the level of the water will not have changed.)

Measurements show global temperatures rising at an accelerated rate, thermal expansion will follow suit with a built in time lag. Because thermal expansion is not the only factor affecting sea levels, the rise is nonuniform, as Nick says.

Melting of terrestrial ice is increasing a lot. Take the Greenland ice cap (it would be best left alone in the frozen state), meltwater from surface thawing is not dribbling off the sides of Greenland, but is making its way down through widening cracks in the ice, entire rivers of meltwater carve ever widening "moulines" as they are called. The water descends quickly, more follows the next summer. That water appears to lubricate the glaciers and accelerate their movement with ever larger calving events and actual recession instead of the expected advance of the glaciers.

There is a third factor to worry about. Many icesheets along the coast of Antarctica are, in fact, grounded on the sea floor. These are breaking up and they are enormous. The amount of water in the west Antarctic Ice Sheet is enough to raise sea levels 15' when it breaks up, either floating the ice in the ocean or melting it, but that is in the future.

We are measuring current rates of sea level rise. Since 1993 average sea levels have been rising at a higher rate, 3mm/year (or about 11"/century), almost double what it was most of the 20th century. That is not a projection, but a real, measured change, though not necessarily uniform now or in the future. When I first got into oceanography, I pooh poohed the idea of rising sea level, especially at such large rates, but the data have made me rethink the issue and I find the concept of a disappearing icesheet worrisome.

If all this leaves you cold, don't be surprised. Instead, grab a warm jacket and go see the movie *Chasing Ice*, and if you can't find it in theaters, watch it at home, just google it. This flic documents climate change effects right now. It is not only dramatic, but visually stunning and evokes admiration for the cameramen who braved the conditions to film it. After that, come back and speculate some more, or dig even deeper into the data, as Nick has started to do.

Oh, don't go near a calving glacier in a little boat! The trailer does not show the very dramatic ending of the movie itself, do watch it.

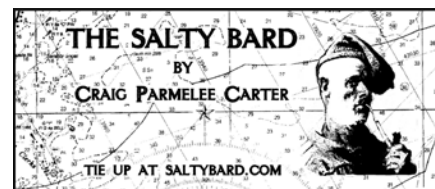
Hermann Gucinski, Fairview, NC

## Poetry...

### Conflict

By Wilbert Snow

The Sea is forever quivering,  
The shore forever still;  
And the boy who is born in a seacoast town  
Is born with a dual will.  
The sunburned rocks and beaches  
Inveigle him to stay;  
While every wave that beaches  
Is a nudge to be up and away.  
Submitted by Frank Barbieri



## Sailor's Dream

At the edge where sea meets shore  
The masses play in breaking waves  
One stands alone upon the rise  
Spellbound by a distant call

The sailor longs to put to sea  
His way is lost when bound by land  
Indifferent to the earthly cares  
The madness of the social mill

His ship is strong, his senses keen  
He soars upon the open sea  
Follows an uncharted course  
With knowledge of the ancient ways

When suddenly encased in fog  
He hears the siren's lonely call  
Helpless to resist her perilous song  
He steers his vessel toward the storm

Laid over by a tempest wind  
Decks awash with bubbling seas  
His steadfast hold upon the helm  
Guides him through the starless night

The daybreak ushers calm relief  
Reveals the scene in morning light  
A broken ship, a broken heart  
Bitter payments for the lives we choose

The sails are torn, the spars intact  
The rudder cracked, but not lost  
He surveys damage with dismay  
Grateful that his life is spared

Calling on saints, he makes repairs  
Strong enough to get her home  
Limps slowly to his refuge cove  
And ties her firmly to the quay

While fishermen smoke and mend their nets  
The crowds return to play  
Alone he gazes out to sea  
And dreams of far away





## Book Review

### Editor Comments

Carried away by my contemplation of the enormous tidal range in Great Britain that I commented upon in the last issue I, by happenstance, came across this collection of fascinating high and low tide photos in a daily intrusion into my email ("Buzz Feed", sent on to me by a friend). They are a sort of come on to a whole book of 53 matched pairs.

This is not, therefore, a true review, but rather an announcement to those of you who might wish to know more about, or even buy, the book (expensive).

For a closer look google "Michael Martin Sea Change." In color and side by side the photos are spectacular.



### *Sea Change* *A Journey Around Britain*

By Michael Marten  
Introduction by Robert Macfarlane  
Hardcover 12"x10" Landscape Format  
126 Pages, 107 Colour Photographs  
Publisher Kehrer Verlag, 2012  
ISBN- 978-3-86828-311-2  
Signed Copy- £40 (Plus Post and Packing)

"A sense of threat as well as one of miracle attends Marten's images. The people who fill his beaches at low tide seem often still to be there at high tide, invisibly in their fixed positions, fatally swallowed by metres of sea." (Robert Macfarlane)

Since 2003 Michael Marten has travelled to different parts of the British coast to photograph identical views at high and low tide, six or 18 hours apart. His beautiful and surprising photographs reveal how the twice daily rhythm of ebb and flood can dramatically transform the landscape.

From holiday beaches to industrial estuaries, the photographs record two moments in time, two states of nature. *Sea Change* presents 53 of these diptychs, arranged as a journey around Britain, with an introduction by leading English nature writer Robert Macfarlane.

One aspect of what makes these photographs so compelling is the fascination of comparing each pair of pictures, spotting what has or hasn't changed. The contrasting views play with our sense of depth and perspective and show how subjective is our perception of landscape.

The result is a substantial document capturing the variety of the British coastline, a portrait of the maritime landscape that makes visible in a dramatic new way the ebb and flow of tidal waters.





# John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

## A Photo Gallery by Brian Cooper

The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop took place again this year in conjunction with the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport, organized by the Traditional Small Craft Association. Brian Cooper was there to take these photos capturing the essence of the gathering.



A Foggy Dawn



A Sunny Day





## Beach Launching



## Whaleboat Details



## Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

*messing  
about in*  
**BOATS**



### Mail Orders

**12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)**

To: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

**3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8  
Mail Order Only**

### Internet Orders

**12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)**

To: [www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib](http://www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib)

**No Telephone Orders Accepted**



## Mystic Seaport Launches Historic Whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*

Report Courtesy Mystic Seaport Museum

After a nearly five year restoration in the Henry B. duPont Preservation Shipyard at Mystic Seaport, the 1841 whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* was launched into the waters of the Mystic River on July 21. The ship, a National Historic Landmark and America's oldest com-

mercial vessel, was carefully lowered into the water in a public ceremony to float on her own bottom for the first time since 2008.

The ship was christened by Sarah Bullard, the great great great granddaughter of Charles W. Morgan, one of the original owners of the ship and the man after who she was named. The bottle Bullard broke across the bow was filled with waters from the oceans over which the vessel sailed during her 80-year whaling career. Samples were gathered from the North and South Atlantic, the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Water from New Bedford and Mystic were added to represent her original and current homeports.

"This launch is a milestone in the life of this great ship," said Steve White, president of Mystic Seaport. "Today she turns 172 years old and we hope this restoration will help preserve her for another 172 so that future generations will be able to walk her decks and hear her tell the important story of our nation's shared maritime heritage."

He added, "This moment is a testament to the skill and knowledge of the shipwrights without whose hard work and dedication this day would not be possible."

Present at the celebration were numerous dignitaries: Gov Daniel P. Malloy (D-Conn) took the occasion to announce a \$500,000 contribution by the State of Connecticut to the ship's restoration. US Sen Richard Blumenthal (D-Conn) read the text of a US Senate Resolution passed last week commemorating the *Morgan's* launch and bestowing upon her the honor of "Ambassador to the Whales." The resolution supports the plan of Mystic Seaport to "reinterpret the *Charles W. Morgan* as a vessel of scientific and educational exploration whose cargo is knowledge and whose mission is to promote awareness of the maritime heritage of the United States and the conservation of the species the *Morgan* hunted."

Describing the ship as "an ambassador from a crucial moment in American history," filmmaker Ric Burns said in his keynote address, "This one ship has embodied, made possible, made real and brought alive the experience of whaling as no other single artifact on the planet."

The restoration of the ship began when she was hauled out of the water in November 2008. The focus of the project was to address the hull below the waterline, the majority of which dated to the ship's original construction. The final phase that begins now will involve rigging, restoring her interior and installing temporary systems necessary to take her back to sea for a ceremonial 38th voyage in late May 2014 (the ship completed 37 voyages during her whaling career).

The 38th voyage will take the *Morgan* to historic ports of New England. After a period of fitting out and sea trials based in New London, the ship will sail to Newport, Vineyard Haven, New Bedford and Boston. She will also venture onto the Stellwagen Bank National Marine Sanctuary in partnership with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration and she will participate in the centennial celebration of the opening of the Cape Cod Canal. The voyage will be a commemoration of the role of the sea in the history of America and an appreciation of our changing relationship with the natural world.

The *Morgan* will continue to be open to visitors at Mystic Seaport while the restoration continues. For more information, please visit [www.mysticseaport.org](http://www.mysticseaport.org).

# The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop



Leaving Rockland Harbor.

## Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition

Rockland, Maine to Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut  
Departure: Sunday, June 16, 2013 Estimated Arrival: Friday, June 28, 2013

### Sunday June 16 - Day One

Students at The Apprenticeshop, the school for traditional boat building and seamanship in Rockland, Maine, have mounted a 350-mile expedition aboard their newly built 29' Leonard whaleboat, an open wooden boat with five rowing stations and a 22' steering oar.

An enthusiastic crowd, a beautiful Penobscot Bay sunrise and calm weather conditions greeted the ten members of the Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition on the docks at The Apprenticeshop this morning. After stowing the full two-week's gear in both the whaleboat and accompanying chase boat *Advent* (36' Bud McIntosh schooner), the 29' open boat left the dock at 5:30am with Captain Bryan McCarthy, Apprenticeshop Shop Director, at the helm. Apprentices Rachel Davis, Daniel Creisher, Simon Jack, Garrett Farchione and Tim Jacobus were in the rowing stations.



The Whaleboat Expedition Crew.

The seas and conditions were conducive to fine rowing and the crew spent the next seven hours under human power, making it to Port Clyde and a welcome rest by lunch time, covering some 21 miles in the process. After this break, the crew headed back out and found the seas had kicked up.

Apprenticeshop board member Pat Lydon had arrived at Port Clyde to join the flotilla in his 24' Carney lobster boat *Stella B*.

Given the difficult seas, McCarthy decided to split the crew onto *Advent* and *Stella B* and tow the whaleboat to the evening rest spot, giving the crew ample time to recover from the first leg of their long journey.

They arrived another ten miles down the coast in South Bristol at approximately 7pm to a warm welcome from the Lydons, where they found terrific hospitality, a mooring for *Advent*, beds to sleep in and even a hot tub to soak their Day One backs for a welcome restorative evening! Day One was a success and a gentle entry into the expedition to come.

### Monday June 17 - Day Two

The whaleboat departed the Lydon's haven at 6:30am. They aim to cross through the mouth of the Damariscotta River this morning and clear the mouth of Kennebec this afternoon, hoping to land at Hermit Island Campground on Small Point (Phippsburg, Maine) for the night. If all goes as planned, the crew will continue on Tuesday and hope to spend the night at Portland Yacht Services in Portland Harbor.

This morning the Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition departed South Bristol at 6:30am and got towed out of John's Bay and through the Thread of Life. There they boarded the whaleboat, put oars in and rowed past Fisherman Island, the north end of Damariscove Island, past the Cuckold's Light and across the mouth of the Sheepscot River.

Off Black Rocks Island and ledge *Advent* picked them up and towed them through the bumpy waters of the mouth of the Kennebec and past Popham Beach.

The expedition covered approximately 25 miles today, 12 of them human-powered. All crew members are in good health and spirits and everyone has had a chance to helm. Captain McCarthy has been rotating the crew through the oar stations and helm every half hour or so, with backup crew aboard *Advent*.

Tonight, the crew will camp at Herman Island Campground in Phippsburg. They aim for Portland Harbor Tuesday.

### Tuesday June 18 - Day 3

The apprentices had another fantastic day on the water. They rowed clear across a very clear and calm Casco Bay from Small Point to a bit of a rainy Portland, averaging over 3 knots.



The crew Day 3.

### Wednesday June 19 - Day 4

The crew enjoyed an unanticipated overnight aboard *Westward*, the 125' sailing vessel associated with Ocean Classroom, last night. Chris Konecky reports that he and Simon Jack got special treatment and were bunked in the captain's quarters. "It was a big fancy room," he said, "lots of varnish and mattresses on the bunks!" Others slept in forward berths while Tim Jacobus opted to tent on the lawn at SailMaine.

"Our hosts in Portland were really gracious. Big thanks to Portland Yacht Services, SailMaine and the crew aboard Ocean Classroom's *Westward*!" Chris said. Chris reports that the crew is all holding up brilliantly, both physically and emotionally. "I'm eating really well, I think I've gained five pounds," he joked. They've also enjoyed some wildlife sightings. They've encountered two minke whales, lots of porpoises and seals and yesterday a seal trailed along behind them for approximately four miles.

In addition to rowing and wildlife watching, the crew pass the time sharing jokes, singing songs and making up what Chris calls the "Whaleboat Edition" of '80s classics. "We're considering releasing an album when we arrive at Mystic," he claimed.

After an early morning interview and filming with Portland's WCSH Channel 6, the Whaleboat Expedition departed Portland Harbor at about 8am. Today was the first day that winds were favorable enough to raise the heavy cotton sails sewn by world renowned traditional sail maker Nat Wilson of East Boothbay, Maine.

"When we first left Portland Harbor we got in the lee of the land so had to put in the oars," explained Tim. "But later, around noon, the wind picked up and we've been sailing ever since!" They were averaging 3-4 knots under sail.

Sailing allows the crew some down time. Chris and Bryan were checking charts while Garrett caught up with his novel and Rachel, Simon and Daniel could lie back and enjoy the day. Kevin Carney left the expedition last night, as planned, to return to the Apprenticeshop, leaving Lori, Ken and Anna aboard *Advent*. They are hoping to get to Kennebunkport tonight!



Whaleboat under sail.



Safe and sound in Kennebunkport, sweet dreams.

#### Thursday June 20 - Day 5

The Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition had another fantastic, if not long, day in the Gulf of Maine. They departed Kennebunkport at 8am and rowed all 27 miles to Portsmouth. In the last hour of the day they had to work double time against an outgoing tide and a headwind to get around Portsmouth Light and into the old Fort Constitution Coast Guard Station in New Castle, New Hampshire.

The station is now operated by the University of New Hampshire as a steel head trout research center, and the apprentices' new friends from UNH helped them tie up to the dock, opened the shower facilities and allowed them to spend the night there. Ken Rich (of the expedition's chase boat *Advent*) was especially pleased, UNH being his alma mater.

"They were really pulling their hearts out that last hour of the trip," Ken reported of the last leg of Day Five. "They're getting toughened up to it and really strong. They won't let us tow them now, but for short bits."

Apprenticeshop good friend David Leon was waiting ashore to surprise the crew upon their arrival. "I was excited to see them rowing in," he reported, "especially so because when I served in the Coast Guard I was stationed right there at the fort!" David was eager to treat everyone to ice cream but was surprised to learn that the crew had taken an oath at the beginning of the trip to consume no alcohol.

"We decided that it wouldn't do us any good to be fuzzy headed waking up at 4am to go for a full day's row. So we all agreed that the trip would be dry," trip leader Bryan McCarthy said.



UNH/Fort Constitution, Newcastle, New Hampshire.

#### Friday June 21 - Day 6

A 6am departure had the crew riding out of Portsmouth on an incoming mid tide, just shy of flood. Out of the harbor the seas were flat calm and conducive to making great progress. By 8am they'd already covered ten miles. Although the seas began to swell a little, the breeze was very light and the crew had no trouble rowing steadily by the New Hampshire coastline. Spirits of the crew continue to be high, with everyone in great health and enjoying the journey.

"Rachel has done yeoman's duty with the food," reported Ken Rich aboard the chase boat, *Advent*. "Everyone is really well fed!"

They aim for Rockport, Massachusetts, today, where an enthusiastic group of Power Squadron members, led by Jack Reid, will welcome them at the Sandy Bay Yacht Club. They expect to get in by 3:30, having rowed the entire New Hampshire border in five hours and 35 minutes. Arrival in Rockport will mark the halfway point of the expedition.



Sunrise from Fort Constitution.

#### Saturday June 22 - Day 7

Having arrived in Rockport, Massachusetts, harbor yesterday, they were given a hearty greeting by Harbormaster Rosemary Lesh and her son Story, Commodore of the Sandy Bay Yacht Club. Story welcomed the crew to the yacht club where they were able to spend the night in the instructors lounge.

When we caught up with the crew at 6:30am, they had just departed the harbor by sail. The day started with an ample southwest breeze leaving the harbor, but then it died down and the crew put in the oars. They were passing Thatcher Island as they phoned in the day's report. "We hope to make Scituate today," Bryan said, "where we'll meet up with Bob Yorke who has been very supportive of the expedition so far."

A full week into the trip the crew is truly in good shape. "If anyone had blisters they've morphed in the calluses by now," Bryan said. "Everyone's hands are good, mostly because of how we are switching rowing stations every half hour. There's not enough repetitive movement in one spot to cause problems." Daniel Creisher's eye, which he had injured several days before the expedition departed, is now fully healed.

"What we're learning on this trip are the subtleties of the boat, the things you wouldn't know from reading a written account. Everyone has learned, first hand, how feathering the steering oar just slightly makes the boat respond, you can really make a difference with that small finesse. Little things like that, it's the kind of information you can only learn by doing it. And we've been navigating, Garrett has been taking compass bearings to spots on land, orienting the chart with buoys, learning to read where we are by identifying the subtle contours of the land."

After Scituate tonight the gang will head to the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal tomorrow.



Motif No 1, Rockport, Massachusetts.

#### Sunday June 23 - Day 8

The Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition had fantastic hospitality from A-Shop friends Bob and Judith Yorke of Scituate. The Yorkes are avid open ocean rowers and have rowed the entire coast of Maine in their 20' dory. When they learned of the expedition this past spring, they went out of their way to help the crew in their planning and last night rolled out the red carpet for them.

Members of the Scituate Harbor Yacht Club, the Yorkes not only arranged for docking for the whaleboat and a mooring for *Advent*, they opened the boat club up to the crew and served them wood fired pizza when they arrived. Later they invited the crew to their home, where many slept in beds while others opted to sleep on the screened-in porch with sleeping bags and pads.



Rowing to Scituate.

The Yorkes rose at 4am with the crew, drove them back to the yacht club and walked to the end of the breakwater to wave good-bye as their new friends rowed against the tide during their 5:30am departure. The gang is very



grateful for your warm, welcoming hospitality, Bob and Judith, thank you very much!



Bob Yorke

Just outside of the harbor, Bryan and Ken consulted and agreed that there was enough of a southwest breeze to raise the sails on the whaleboat. Soon thereafter the main carried a double reef, the jib was up and the boat was averaging four knots. "Today was unbelievable," Bryan laughed. "We covered 22 miles under sail." He also noted how the wind and sea called out the best in the crew's abilities.

"It's some of the best seamanship I've seen thus far on the trip," Bryan reported. "It was breezy enough to keep us on our toes. Everyone responded as the conditions demanded. They were all working together, shifting their weight appropriately to keep the boat as flat as possible. Simon did great work on the main sheet."

After those 22 miles the wind kicked up even to 20-25 mph. "We started to see some really snotty weather, so we all piled on to *Advent* and towed the last eight miles." The expedition landed in Sandwich Marina, formerly known as the Harbor of Refuge, at the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal. Just as they were getting off the boat (everyone relieved to be on dry land), the fog began to roll in.

As luck has it, Bryan's family lives in Falmouth, Massachusetts, which is where the gang will spend the night after helping his nephew celebrate his birthday. They are glad to be in a safe harbor as weather for tomorrow looks unfavorable for towing through the Canal. "We might hunker down and wait until Tuesday. Everyone could use a break and we're already making great time," Bryan explained.

#### Monday June 24 - Day 9

Through the Canal! When we caught up with the expedition they had just left the Cape Cod Canal.



Cape Cod Canal and were pulling into Onset Bay at the northeast tip of Buzzards Bay. The Canal must be passed under power (no rowing or sailing allowed) so *Advent* towed the whaleboat the 15 miles through. The Canal also must be passed (when heading south), riding the ebb tide as currents rip through it up to 5.2mph. The crew hung ashore this morning until noon in order to catch that tide.

Emerging at the head of Buzzards Bay, they were greeted with a good wind out of the southwest and visibility of one to three nautical miles. "It's a steep chop," Bryan reported, "so we wouldn't make any progress against both the wind and the tide." They planned to wait it out for the remainder of the day in Onset Bay.

Bryan McCarthy, Apprenticeship Shop Director and expedition captain, hails from Falmouth, Massachusetts. The expedition crew benefited from his family's hospitality last night, staying at their house and feasting on the coffee and donuts they offered this morning. "They were really good to us," Bryan shared. This evening McCarthy family hospitality extends to family friends living in Onset, who have offered dock space and a mooring for the boats.

"We'll wait and see what the weather wants to do. We may try for New Bedford tomorrow or the following day. The earliest we'll hit Mystic at this point would be Friday, that's if the weather is good from here on out," Bryan explained.

#### Tuesday June 25 - Day 10

After our early morning check in with the crew, the up until now relatively uneventful trip came into some drama. Most of the time, as the whaleboat team rows, *Advent* hangs back at a fairly significant, but still safe, distance. The two crews stay in visual and radio contact, though there is often up to half a mile or more between them.

Today, after *Advent* hung back for a few hours and then caught up to the whaleboat, the apprentices smelled diesel fumes. They quickly radioed Ken and Anna to report it. After a few minutes, Ken radioed back, his engine was spurring fuel just in front of the high pressure pump and the engine compartment was covered in diesel. The fuel tank that had just been filled yesterday was now nearly empty.

By 10am in the morning the wind had increased out of the southwest and the whaleboat was now rowing against the tide, making headway was increasingly more difficult. Nevertheless, the boat turned away from its destination (still New Bedford) and rowed back to join *Advent*. Simon went aboard the now engineless 35' schooner in order that they have enough crew to get it under sail.

As the whaleboat, now down one crew person, pulled away and headed toward West Island, *Advent* raised sails and began tacking across the southwesterlies on the east side of

Buzzards Bay. After some time of hard rowing with a diminished crew against a 15 knot wind and a flood tide, Bryan made the call to pull in behind Wilbur Point where they were able to pick up a mooring and rest. There they discussed options and assessed the situation.

New Bedford is working waterfront and its harbor is full of boat traffic. Later today, as the whaleboat and *Advent* approached the harbor, they would witness a large industrial barge making its way in and several commercial fishing vessels departing the port. *Advent*, under sail, would not have much maneuverability and the whaleboat would seem as small as a kayak in comparison to most of the vessels in the channel.

Being within cell range, Bryan phoned Bob Roche at the New Bedford Whaling Museum to request assistance. Roche, in turn, contacted TowBoatUS, Captain Clint Allen responded and radioed that he would send a boat to intercept *Advent* just outside the New Bedford hurricane barrier.

The whaleboat left its mooring and headed on. *Advent* continued to sail and would meet TowBoatUS soon. Even still, under oar, the rowers were approaching the hurricane barrier to the port much faster than the tacking *Advent*. As the whaleboat approached New Bedford there were approximately 1.5 miles between them and the now under tow *Advent*. Bryan put out a "securite" call on VHF 16 to let port traffic know that the small open boat was entering the busy harbor. Within two buoys of the entrance, he repeated the call.

In response, the crew was met by two police boats with lights flashing. In addition to the TowBoatUS that was assisting *Advent*, a second craft of that service appeared and radioed "free assistance" to the whaleboat crew. And while they were still rowing against the current and tide and down one team member, our now seasoned expeditioners declined the offer. The police boats, lights still ablaze, escorted the whaleboat all the way into the port to their slip at Pope's Island Marina (an arrangement that Bob Roche had made).

After *Advent* was docked and everyone was secure, Daniel and Ken went below to assess the engine. They made a list of parts that needed replacement and were able to find everything at a nearby marine outfitter. Within an hour *Advent's* engine trouble was cured, running and the crisis was averted. Both crews are still on course to achieve Mystic for the WoodenBoat Show on Friday.

In the evening, after museum hours, Roche invited the crew to an exclusive tour of the Whaling Museum. They ogled the half size model of the whaleship *Lagoda*, which Bryan described as "a mini *Charles W. Morgan*." "The Whaling Museum is an amazing place, it in itself was worth the whole trip," Bryan said. The crew ate dinner seated beneath the hanging cetacean skeletons that greet museum visitors daily.

At the New Bedford Whaling Museum.



After a night spent in beds, compliments of the Unitarian Memorial Church's Harpor Center, the crew will head for Newport. They expect Wednesday to be a long and full day but intend to make most of their mileage in the morning before the wind kicks up. They are still looking for a place to spend Thursday night and hope to achieve a halfway point between Newport and Mystic.

### Wednesday June 26 - Day 11

Day 11 of the Apprentice Whaleboat Expedition brought another early departure for the crew. Leaving the port of New Bedford, they rowed 17 miles, heading southwest toward Newport. At midday the winds prohibited forward progress so the crew boarded *Advent* and towed for another ten miles.



Boarding *Advent* when it roughed up.

Approaching Newport Harbor the winds died down, so the crew climbed back aboard the whaleboat. They were able to sail part-way into the harbor and row the rest. Newport's Ida Lewis Yacht Club gave them a grand welcoming. Many members came out to ogle the whaleboat on the dock and ask questions. The crew was then invited to dine in the club restaurant where they enjoyed lobster rolls and other delights, compliments of the membership. Great big thanks to our new friends in Newport!

Speaking of friends, A-Shop wonderful friend, photographer and volunteer John Snyder met the whole gang as they came into the harbor and shot some film. John was instrumental in arranging for the crew's introduction at the club, yet another gift from him. We are lucky to count him in our community.

All is well on *Advent* and the engine is running beautifully.

### Thursday June 27 - Day 12

We spoke to the crew early this morning. They had departed Newport Harbor at 6am, but as they got outside were met with an encroaching fog bank. Bryan made the call to turn around and head back in. "It was the best call he's made as captain so far," Chris said. "The fog followed us the whole way back. By the time we got to the dock, we were socked in."

Socked in at Newport.



"Leaving the harbor, we were right in the middle of the shipping lane, which is the last place we want to be in zero visibility," Bryan said. "And what Chris neglected to mention is that the whole way back, he was up in the bow blowing a manual fog horn, kind of like a whistle, which sounds less like a fog horn than it does like a sick duck." Early morning forecasts described patchy fog with the chance of it burning off midday.

A second check in at 11:30 found the crew back underway, having gotten on the water at 11am. Proving that everything happens for a reason, including fog, the crew spent part of the morning talking about the expedition with the Ida Lewis youth sailing program and instructor Alexa Schuler. And this time their departure was heralded by the club's cannon.

Their current destination is Point Judith. From there, they will assess if the conditions are conducive to making Watch Hill.

### Friday June 28 - Day 13

The Leonard Whaleboat comes home to the *Charles W. Morgan*. When Bryan, Rachel, Daniel, Chris, Garrett and Tim awoke on the grounds of Point Judith Marina, it was to thunder and the rumbling of steady rain on their tent flaps. Before tucking into bed the night before they had carefully checked the forecasts. They knew that the good graces of the weather deities had run out. Heavy rain and fog were to be the norm for the next three days.

Because of the grim predictions, Bryan and A-Shop staff had conferred the night before to discuss contingencies. A trailer had been lined up, should that option be necessary, though the crew was really hoping to finish under oar and sail power. But Friday morning was, in a word, miserable in south-eastern Rhode Island. The crew set up to cook a hearty breakfast as they waited for a break in the weather and lightning and thunder continued as Rachel cooked bacon in the marina gazebo.

Just 60 miles to the west in Mystic, however, there was no rain. Though foggy at the Seaport, visibility at least extended across the river. The air was heavy and the sun seemed to be gaining the upper hand against the fog. By 8am, it was clear to everyone that rowing, or even towing behind the radarless *Advent*, was not on the day's itinerary.

Managers Don and Anne at Point Judith Marina had been very kind to the expedition-

ers and now stepped forward to offer to travel lift the whaleboat, at no cost, onto a trailer. A final look at the forecast seemed to offer no better solution if they wanted the boat to arrive at the Seaport during the WoodenBoat Show which, given that boats from Great Lakes Boatbuilding School, Independence Seaport Museum, Beetle Boat Shop and Gannon & Benjamin had already arrived at the Show, they truly wanted to do. So, in the spirit of hundreds of great American expeditions that had gone before, Bryan and the crew decided a portage was in order.

At the call of "go" A-Shop and Mystic staff gathered at the shipyard at the Seaport. Having discovered that the Great Lakes trailer was a flatbed, only serviceable by a travel lift (they hoped to find a launch ramp in the Mystic River), Independence Seaport stepped forward and offered the use of their trailer.

Not only would the team have to portage the whaleboat, but they'd also have to be able to transport all of their gear and crew members across southern Rhode Island. Apprenticeship friends Carl Cramer of *WoodenBoat* and John Snyder offered to help. By 2pm the whaleboat was securely on the trailer, the crew was seat belted in and now a caravan of expeditioners was traveling Route 1 west.

Upon their arriving at Mason's Island 45 minutes later, another travel lift, davit like, lowered the whaleboat into the Mystic. The tide was flooding into the river and strong gusts were marching out. The crew dipped their oars in again and pulled out into the currents toward the drawbridge.

Back at the Seaport, Mystic staff was scrambling to create a proper greeting for their arrival. A photo boat and Mystic's own whaleboat set out to escort them up the river. The fog had completely cleared by now, the sun was hot and the air steamy on the grounds and dozens of classic wooden boats were cruising by the Seaport. As the whaleboat finally approached, crowds on the shore let out a cheer. The whaleboat arrived at its new home.

Apprentices and the crew of *Advent* spent the evening celebrating and were especially acknowledged at a Friends of Mystic cocktail party, hosted by President Steve White. Among the other whaleboat building shops and schools, the crew shared anecdotes of their trip and received many congratulations from Mystic staff and friends.

Whaleboat comes home to the *Charles W. Morgan*—Credit: John Snyder, Marine Media





Start: The 2013 EC starts; the kayaks hit the water first.

It's 3am and cloudy. A light but steady rain is falling on the boom tent stretched over the cockpit. The main and mizzen masts, with their furled sails, form the ridgepole. The tent keeps the rain out but water still drops from the sails, which were exposed to the rain for a couple of hours before the boat was anchored for the night in a few inches of water, after a hard day of sailing in brisk winds.

The temperature is heading toward the mid-40s. The boat has been sponged out but everything is damp at best. A dodger keeps the drips off one crew but the other is exposed to the intermittent Chinese water torture. Neither can fully stretch out. Sleeping bags have been left stowed rather than risk getting them wet on the first night of a multi-day trip. The crew is in long underwear, fleece and foul weather gear, padded with boat cushions and a thin closed cell pad.

Your reaction to these conditions is:

a) The rain lightly drumming on the tent is a great sound.

b) What the \*\$%^\$@ am I doing here?

If your answer is a), you may be suitable to an Everglades Challenge.

Chuck Leinweber and I were in this position after the first day of this year's 300-mile challenge. I think Chuck had the first reaction, I know I did. But then, I was the guy under the dodger.

(Chuck's comments in italics)

*The first few drops from the wet sails (obviously we had not thoroughly thought out the boom tent) fell near my eye as I was drifting off, startling me awake each time. But I soon figured out I could simply pull the hood of my rain jacket over my face and from then on, I slept like a baby.*

For the uninitiated, the Everglades Challenge is a 300-mile, unsupported expedition event for kayaks, canoes, small sailboats and other such craft. A stand-up paddle board completed the course this year, as well as a rowing boat, a first for both types. The start is in Tampa Bay and crews must beach launch their vessels from above the high tide mark.

The finish is 270 to 300 miles away (depending on the route taken) in Key Largo, with three mandatory checkpoints in between. Competitors are divided into six classes, we were in Class 4 for monohull sailboats. We all also have nicknames. Chuck is Chuck the Duck. I'm Lugnut. For complete details, routes and rules, go to [Watertribe.org](http://Watertribe.org).

Chuck had gone with me in 2006 on my first completed EC with my Jim Micha-

## Everglades Challenge 2013

By Gary Blankenship & Chuck Leinweber

lak Frolic2 design, *Oaracle*. Since then *Oaracle* and I had finished another four of the five ECs we had entered, including one singlehanded finish. In 2006 Chuck exacted a promise that I would go with him when he finished his John Welsford Walkabout design. Walkabout is a 16-footer designed for single handed coastal expeditions and Chuck stretched it 2', with Welsford's blessing, to make it more suitable for two.

*The boat was supposed to be finished in a year or two, not seven. Seems every time I got going on the boat, something came along to delay it and I would push it aside for a year or two. At one point I got stuck trying to decide between a centerboard and a daggerboard, the plans include both options. The former, I knew, would be much better for the places I sail, but being off-center, a centerboard trunk would have rendered a large piece of seat unusable. I finally went with the daggerboard and it has not been nearly the handicap that I imagined.*

Construction proceeded sporadically, interspersed with assemblage of new kayaks and such, but last year it was finally done and Chuck successfully ran the Texas 200, turning in a good time. Shortly thereafter, he informed me he would be collecting on the promise for the 2013 EC. (And you thought press ganging of sailboat crews went out with the War of 1812.)

Competitors prep the boats the day before the start. The Blue Core Sound 17 in the foreground, sailed by Philip Garland and Dan Neri, finished second overall.



Tent: Rough fitting the tent the day before we left the EC. No marks for aesthetics but high marks for waterproofness! We were going to use snaps or turnbuttons to attach the tent to the gunnels, but wound up using spring clamps which were dirt simple and easily adjustable.

And so it was that in the predawn hours of March 2, we were on the beach (along with 89 other EC boats and 16 in the shorter Ultra Marathon) at the lovely Ft. Desoto Park, south of St Petersburg, wondering what happened to the predicted 20 knots of northwest wind promised by the weather forecast. What we had instead was an uncertain riffing from the east-northeast.

At least that was the uncertainty for most of the competitors. Our uncertainty centered on the location of Chuck's boots. This was no small matter as with the proper socks he can wade and get his feet wet and these boots will keep those nether extremities warm.

So, while other boats launched and I did some videoing, Chuck searched frantically. They were finally located a short distance away, near the grass. Apparently we had placed them in our pile of gear the previous day when unloading supplies on the beach and loaded everything else but the boots, which spent a forlorn night waiting to be noticed.

*Boy did I feel stupid! It was no big deal that we did not start right away, after all it is a multi-day event and we were not even trying to win in this highly competitive class, but I even borrowed a car to drive a couple of miles to search my own vehicle, over in the long term parking, thanks again, Lee and Katie. Anyway, I was greatly relieved to find the boots.*

The episode with the boots was no real loss in starting, as the wind used the time to fill in to a decent velocity, but from the northeast, not northwest. But it was not an encouraging beginning. We had adopted the informal motto that we were two halfwits out to make a whole. The lost boots indicated that as yet there was no knitting of the wits.

We finally hit the water about 20 minutes after the start. Most others had left, but we were a long way from the last off at least. The wind, which had increased enough that we decided to put in a precautionary reef, pulled the boat from the shore after we rolled it to the water. As Chuck was getting ready to steer and I was trying to hold it back, I wound up making a rather ungainly headfirst dive into the boat as the wind won the tug of war, and hoped no one was videoing.

Out of respect for the expected wind, we elected to proceed down the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway instead of going outside into the Gulf of Mexico. We had a lumpy ride across Tampa Bay, but the wind held and we passed under the first two bridges. It was a time to be thankful for the Walkabout's balanced lug main, which has a roughly 16'-17' bridge clearance, a marked advantage over most of the Bermudan rigged sailboats in the fleet.

The wind eased (its unreefed and Chuck rowed a bit at its nadir) and then, as predicted, shifted to the northwest and began to blow in earnest as we passed the Longboat Key inlet and entered northern Sarasota Bay. We pulled up to an island to furl the mizzen, put a reef back in the main, and get ready.

*One of the great things about sailing with Gary is that we think alike when it comes to reefing. Every time we reefed or unreefed, we were totally in agreement about the need to act. We were even in agreement on those occasions when we would consider shaking out a reef, secretly knowing that we would not do it, just to trick the wind into picking up a bit.*

Sarasota Bay churned us south and the waves rapidly picked up. When a following wave caught the Walkabout just right, the boat would overtake the waves in front of it. We watched as the GPS regularly surged over 8 and 9mph and once sped past 10mph. Yet the boat, also as promised by Chuck, remained easy to control.

I had been worried about following seas picking up the stern and slinging it around. Our Spot satellite tracker, which reported every 10 or 20 minutes, never recorded less than a 6kt average during this stretch and peaked at nearly 7kt. (Pardon the switching in speed measurements here, one of our GPS units and the Spot read out in knots, the other GPS in mph. One knot equals about 1.15mph.)

Quite an average for an 18' boat, well above theoretical hull speed. We slipped by Watertribe founder Steve Isaac (Chief) in his new Hobie Adventure Island, with the sail mostly rolled up, about halfway down the bay.

*You, dear reader, do not know the half of the frustration of dealing in mixed measurements as Gary insisted in also stating distances in nautical miles. I half expected him to ask if I had change for a shilling. In reality, we would all be better off if we just switched to metric.*

Shortly before 1pm we rollicked under the first Sarasota bridge, getting close enough for a chat with veteran Watertriber Nick Hall (Pelican) in a Hobie Tandem Island with his

nephew Mark (Falcon). But after the Siesta Key bridge, the ICW narrowed and occasionally the wind was partially blocked and Nick pulled away.

Not that we were lonely. We always had some kayaks in sight as we went down the bays and canals and could see three or four sailboats in front of us as we approached the Blackburn Bridge, a 9' clearance swing bridge obstructing the channel. But we got lucky. We were too far beyond the boats in front of us to expect the bridge to remain open when it swung out of our way.

But when I called the bridge tender to inquire, possibly with a forlorn tone in my voice, how long we would have to wait for a reopening, she said she was holding the bridge open for a northbound powerboat waiting for the sailboats to clear and she would continue holding the bridge for us. So we cabooseed through, courtesy of the kindly bridge tender and our fellow ECers. Our speed had slowed slightly, but we still averaged 5.5 to 6 knots.

Around 3:40 we approached Venice Inlet and Neil Calore (Leather Lungs) in his 17' CLC dory and we turned at the inlet and headed east for the canal leading to Lemon Bay. In the high-banked canal, the still strong wind went fluky a couple times and we briefly broke out the oars to help out. Despite that, we couldn't slip by Neil and he led us into Lemon Bay around 5:30. We took special care to stay in the ICW as the daylight faded and our speed continued to be around 5.5 knots. There are many unlit signs and private markers outside the channel.



Lemon Bay: Chuck takes a well-earned rest in Lemon Bay after we cleared the Venice Canal, we're a couple hours from the first checkpoint.

*Here I am tempted to recount how an unfortunate Lugnut was greeted by a pleasant woman whose head popped up over the Venice canal wall just as he was preparing to use the pee bucket, but I won't.*

As we approached the southern end of Lemon Bay in the last of the light, we finally passed Neil when he rounded up to make a sail adjustment. The waterway narrowed into a channel that blocked the now easing wind. We dropped the sail and cautiously poked our way into Cape Haze Marina, the new first checkpoint for this year's EC. We arrived at the dock and hit the OK button on the Spot at 7:47pm.

*Here Gary is being kind in not recounting how I twice screwed up the turns in the marina, costing us probably half an hour. If I had just listened to him in the first place we would have been fine. When it comes to navigation, Gary rarely makes a mistake.*

We took a couple hours to stretch, had some hot soup, chatted with fellow competi-

tors and the checkpoint crew, ate a little more and added warm clothes for the predicted cold night. Then we pushed off and headed back to the ICW.

The forecast was for northwest winds at 20, easing to the north and dropping to 10 to 15 later. We figured we could make good time to and through Pine Island Sound and then, taking turns sleeping and steering, head down the Gulf Coast. So much for the plans.

The wind wasn't blowing at 20. Or 15. Or 10. Or even a measly 5. It was gone. At first we figured it was blocked in the narrow channel. But the wind stayed absent when we hit more open water. There were several good camping options, including a state park, near the checkpoint, but we hadn't set waypoints or marked any of them. Our combined wit kept assuring us we wouldn't be abandoned by the wind for long on a night when the weather radio assured us of strong breezes.

So, instead of being warm in a tent and bedrolls, we took turns rowing and did the Gasparilla two-step with the Gasparilla swing bridge. The bridge tender acknowledged our initial radio call, which included informing him we were under oar power. He then proceeded to open the bridge long before we could get there and then close it again as we finally approached.

Another radio call straightened things out, although we had to wait a couple minutes for the reopening. It began to rain, no real hardship as we were in foul weather gear, and we pulled through the old railroad bridge. It now occurred to us we were likely to be without wind for quite some time and rowing all night would only tire us out for the following day.

But there was also a dearth of suitable camping or anchoring sites, so we wound up rowing to Sandfly Key at Charlotte Harbor, eight miles from the checkpoint, where we anchored in shallow water. We couldn't find a suitable beach for pitching the tent. And for the charms of sleeping under a boom tent in the rain, see the start of this article.

## Day 2

The wind returned with a vengeance around 5am, rattling the boom tent. It enticed neither of us to rise early, but did manage to send some drafts through the tent that chilled us.

*I'm not sure what the difference in temperature was when that north wind started to blow, but it changed a warm, comfy situation to a chilly one. Digging through our stuff for more fleece seemed too much trouble, so I simply did some isometric exercises as I lay there in the bottom of the boat. I alternately tensed and relaxed as many muscles as I could think of and after a few minutes I was comfortable again.*

*Then I dozed off for 15 minutes only to awake to do it again. I was tickled with myself for having thought of that and pleased that it worked so well. It was far better than allowing myself to be reduced to shivering as that sad condition is hard to overcome.*

Around 6am the breeze seemed a more manageable velocity and shortly we were stirring and getting ready, as Chuck waded around the boat stowing the tent and re-stepping the masts. The plan was to take turns rowing to deep water to warm up and then sail on our way. Around 7am we were off. Rowing wasn't necessary for long as the brisk northeasterly had us moving toward Boca Grande Inlet under a single reefed main.



Charlotte Harbor always seems to be waiting with something special for me, and this year was no different. In 2012 a contrary wind and tide produced waves that nearly broached *Oaracle*. This year there was a negligible tide, but the strong wind had kicked up a healthy following sea that shoved us toward Cayo Costa. The white knuckle ride lasted across the inlet and up the outside of Cayo Costa until the shoals and islands offered some shelter.

We paused at the southern end of Pelican Bay on Punta Blanca Island to attend to a couple minor boat things and address the handheld VHF. The clip holding the battery in place had broken. Some duct tape fixed it, but we were careful with it for the rest of the EC since its waterproof integrity was now questionable.



Beached: Punta Banca Island on the north end of Pine Island Sound provided a lovely spot for a brief break to fix the radio and make a couple of boat adjustments. Definitely worth further exploration on a trip without deadlines!

When we resumed sailing, we found the wind had eased, so we set the mizzen. In a repeat of Saturday, the wind slackened as the morning went on, then shifted to the north and then northwest and strengthened. At the northern end of Pine Island Sound, we were doing 3.5 to 4 knots, but by the time we reached the southern end, we were back to 6-plus. One advantage to the cool temps and strong winds is it kept the powerboat traffic to a minimum.

We made the jog to the east at the south end of the sound and encountered a couple of special gusts of wind. That prompted a decision to put the second reef in the main. But when Chuck went to carry out that function, the wind seemed to strengthen even more, so he just dropped the main completely and we proceeded under the 24 square foot mizzen, still averaging better than 4 knots.

Walkabout went under the fixed west span of the Sanibel Causeway. Later we learned that Marty Sullivan, who, with Warren Richey (both veteran Watertribe paddlers), was making a documentary of this year's EC, was on the causeway filming our passage. He said it was pretty dramatic with

the small mizzen and the large following seas. We'll have to see if we make the final cut for the film.

*A little note on sailing downwind with mizzen only. Reason says this should not work, it should cause the boat to round up and weathercock. My wife, Sandra, taught me this trick. She is not a sailor so is not bothered with sailboat theory. Once, years ago, we were sailing another cat ketch in the Lower Laguna Madre in Texas and needed to slow it down.*

*"Why don't you just sail with the mizzen?" she suggested.*

*"That would never work," I insisted.*

*"Can't you just try it? For me?" she stated in that way that cannot be refused.*

*So, just to prove her wrong, I tried it. Needless to say, it worked and I have been doing it ever since. I have found that I can even broad reach with the mizzen only. If only Sandra had been along on this trip we would not have had to worry over having only two halves of a wit.*

Once through the bridge, we cut east to get some protection from the causeway and discussed our options. There was a temptation with the fair, if strong, following wind to head down the coast for Cape Romano, trading turns at the helm and hoping to make up in naps for the sleep we had missed the previous night.

But concern about the size of the seas, the difficulty of seeing them approaching in the dark and the potential for accumulating fatigue led to the decision to run in Matanzas Inlet and head down behind Fort Myers Beach on Estero Island, with the goal of making New Pass and spending the night in a tent on land (!) at Lovers Key State Park.

About halfway to Matanzas we saw entering San Carlos Bay behind us what appeared to be a replica caravel or galleon. We speculated the source, certain only it wasn't a fellow Watertriber.

*This was a strange sight indeed. The boat, or ship to be more accurate, was brown with the shape of an old Spanish galleon, high in the bow and stern and low amidships. It had no masts but was obviously under power.*

On to Estero and Ft Myers Beach. I had never been that way before and it made for an interesting trip. Seaward, nothing is visible but a line of high-rise condos. But on the inland side, at least at the start, is a mix of marina, restaurants, bars, mom-and-pop motels and the like. And those folks like their boats. Aside from the marinas, there are boats moored everywhere.

Once in from the Gulf, we re-raised the reefed main and followed the well-marked waterway and eventually found ourselves in company with Justin Blais (Frenchman) in his Class 1 (downwind sail only) kayak. He was heading to Wiggins Pass, a few miles past New Pass and also obtainable without going into the open Gulf.

The wind moderated somewhat and it was a pleasant sail. Soon we passed Big Carlos Pass and we could look out and see the northern end of Lovers Key. That key sits seaward of three or four other developed keys and stretches from Big Carlos to New Pass. The wind was partially blocked now and it took another 45 minutes to reach New Pass.

With a now light and sometimes blocked wind and a bit of contrary tide, a little rowing was necessary to get through most of the



Frenchman: With Justin Blais inside Estero island, where the water was calmer than the open gulf.

pass. We beached at 6pm with the sun heading for the western horizon. It was about high tide, so we pulled Walkabout as far as we could out of the water, knowing it would be safe until we re-launched in the morning. Chuck erected the two-man tent, we ate and puttered a bit and went to bed early. The wind, at least where we were, died again. It was another cold night, but we slept snug and warm in bedrolls.

### Day 3

We awoke before sunrise and found a light northeasterly. A careful observation was made of New Pass. There were continuous breakers on the south side, but on the north it was mostly clear in a channel marked by a couple red buoys. We could see an occasional small breaker further out. I was thankful we weren't trying to leave in a strong onshore wind. We breakfasted, struck camp, swung the stern of the boat around so the bow pointed to the water and launched with the reddish sunrise behind us.



Chuck: Chuck steering on Monday morning just after we left New Pass.

We avoided breaking waves on the way out, but swooped over a couple that were about to tumble. Once clear of the breakers we headed south with a steadily increasing wind. After an hour or so, it rose more and we put a reef back in the main. At some point we scooted by Wiggins Pass but I didn't see it.

Subsequent reports showed there was a large number of fellow Watertribers, all kayakers I think, there the previous night. Wiggins is as far south as one can go on the inside route. After that, it's outside into the open Gulf until at least Gordon Pass or more likely Big Marcos. A video posted by Ben Algera (Macatawa) showed that Wiggins seems a lot like New Pass, with rolling waves humping up and occasionally breaking.

Soon Doctors Pass slid by, but the wind began to ease as Gordon Pass approached. Un-reefing the main only seemed to encourage a further absconding. It was a repeat of the first two days where winds blew from east of north, sometimes boisterously, in the morning and then eased toward noon to be followed by a northwest wind.

In this case, it took around two hours for the changeover as our speed dropped from nearly 5 knots to 2.5 to 3. Just past Gordon, it almost completely died and Chuck broke out the oars to row before the new wind finally filled in. But the slow passage gave us a chance to study Gordon from offshore, which has a bad reputation among Watertribers.



Rowing: Chuck muscles the oars after the wind all but died as we slipped by Gordon Pass off Naples.

We could see why. The northern side of the inlet had continuous breakers, even in the calm seas of that morning. The south side had the marked channel and a stream of powerboats were heading in and out. We didn't know it at the time, but Gordon lived up to its reputation that year as veteran Watertriber Nick Hall, with his nephew, lost their Hobie Tandem Island trying to enter Gordon. They were able to reach shore uninjured.

Shortly after passing Gordon we were treated to a replay of our time warp vision of the previous day. Only this time it was two of the caravel/galleons entering Gordon. We found out after the EC that the replicas of Columbus' famous ships, the *Nina*, *Pinta*, and *Santa Maria*, were on tour in the area and that's undoubtedly what we saw.

They also seemed to bring wind as the northwesterly filled in and sent us south at between 4.5 and 5.5 knots. It was pleasant sailing. We didn't need to reef and there were usually other Watertribers in sight. We filmed Jeff Prideaux (Clean Slate) in his Triak almost disappearing between the swells off Marco Island, and watched Tom Dyll (MicroTom) and Per Lorentzen (DonKeyHoTey) pass us on their Lightning, having fixed rudder problems they had on the first day. Eddie Mack (Coastie) and Joshua Murphy (ClamCounter) on their Hobie Getaway were also in sight.

The Lightning ducked in the Caxambas River on the south side of Marco Island (where development and civilization stops with the suddenness of an axe chop) while we headed for Cape Romano, figuring the steadier winds and slightly shorter distance might have us overtake the faster boat. (Fat chance, they beat us to Checkpoint 2 by three hours.)

We also reckoned with a fairly easy time at Romano, arriving at high tide and in daylight. We approached the cape at 4pm with its funky abandoned house on the tip



Tom Dyll and Per Lorentzen pass us off Marco Island on their Lightning sailboat while flying a spinnaker.

and observed a huge shoal just to the south, above even the high water. I calculated it was exactly where I had sailed in the 2012 EC, without striking anything with the leeboard.

That's a testament to how fast the shoals can shift. Shifting or not, Cape Romano was in a beneficent mood this year. We only had to alter course once to miss a shallow area and never even grazed our slightly lowered centerboard. The wind remained northwesterly and moderate and it and the lowering sun chased us across Gullivan Bay toward Indian Key Pass, the last obstacle to Checkpoint 2.

*When we saw the Lightning duck into Caxambas Pass, I was sure that they were making a tactical mistake. After all:*

*The wind was moderate outside and would surely be diminished in the pass, resulting in a loss of speed.*

*There was plenty of daylight to see the shoals around Cape Romano so there should be no penalty in going that route.*

*The distance from Checkpoint 1 to Checkpoint 2 is almost identical whether taking Caxambas or round Cape Romano.*

*I figured they would come out of the pass behind us and have to catch us again, but we never saw them after that.*

I think of the second stage of an Everglades Challenge as three parts. The preamble is getting to and across Charlotte Harbor and then down Pine Island Sound. That sets up the main part, the 40-mile slog from Sanibel to Cape Romano. But we're not home once getting to the cape. There's still 13 or 14 miles to get to Indian Key Pass and then negotiating that intricate passage with its strong tidal flows.

It was those tidal flows that had our interest now. The following wind was making the trip to Indian Key easy (the shallow water can kick up a nasty chop in a headwind). But we weren't going to get there until a couple hours after high tide, which means we would face an outgoing current if we attempted the pass.

The tentative plan was to stop on the northern side of Indian Key, rest for a few hours while waiting for the tide to change and then ride the currents to Chokoloskee Bay and Checkpoint 2. There we would get a few more hours rest waiting for the Tuesday morning outgoing tide.

We elected to take the slight shortcut and go north of Indian Key to the pass and got there after sunset, in the last glimmer-

ings of light. Since we still had a favorable wind, Chuck suggested seeing how far we could get and then find a place to beach or anchor. Seemed like a sensible suggestion, so on we went. We made it more than a third of the way before the wind, as it had every night so far, began to die and what was left was blocked by mangrove islands.



Sunset: In Gullivan Bay approaching Indian Key on Monday evening. A light but very pleasant wind that wafted us well into Indian Key Pass.

Here we had a slight division of the wits. Chuck suggested we row just to see how strong the adverse current was. I was skeptical, having once challenged with oars a contrary tide in one of the passes leaving Chokoloskee. That left vivid memories of taking hearty strokes while watching the land scream by at, oh, 6" per stroke.

But Chuck insisted and took the first 30-minute stint. Contrary to my fears, we kept up almost a 2mph average, good enough to keep going. The last narrow stretch before Chokoloskee Bay focused the tide, but we still managed almost 1.5mph. Once a few hundred yards into the bay, we were able to angle south of the channel and then, freed from the current, our speed picked up to 3mph.

We had a pleasant pull in the flat calm to Checkpoint 2, where my last fear was alleviated. We landed just after 11pm at about half-tide on the firm sand beach, before the lowering tide exposed the infamous Choko mud. My part of our collective wit bowed to Chuck's part in admiration.

A bit more careful reading of the tide tables would have revealed why we succeeded as masters of the tide. I was spooked by the succeeding incoming tide, which featured a 4' change (that's a lot for these parts) in water height at Indian Key and surely generating those fearsome tides for which the area is famed.

But the outgoing tide we were bucking had only a bit more than half that change, which meant easier currents. Also, the tides at Chokoloskee are two hours later than Indian Key, which gave us more time to avoid the mud at the beach and also meant we may have missed the worst of the adverse tide at the end of the channel.

*In retrospect, if we had stuck to our original plan and stopped at Indian Key to wait for the tide change, we probably would have had more time to rest overall and spent a lot less time rowing. On the other hand, we might have landed at Chokoloskee in time to enjoy the mud.*

The reward for Chuck's perseverance was we now had a long break before we could leave with the morning high tide, which came around 10am.

We signed in and stretched our legs. We debated about setting up the tent on the beach but decided to sleep under the stars. There was one other person in a bedroll on the beach. It turned out to be Toby Nipper, who was running the second checkpoint. He had elected to forego his warm motel room and sleep on the beach so he could meet incoming competitors, as we tiptoed around so we wouldn't wake him. Chuck chose to sleep in the open while I spread my bedroll under a bushy tree, wary of the dew. The temperature headed back into the cold zone as we drifted off to sleep.

*Here I need to thank Pat Johnson for letting me dry my dew soaked sleeping bag out on his boat that morning. I plead ignorance of dew, living as I do in the desert where it is unknown. Gary said, "If you sleep under a bush, you won't get dew on your sleeping bag."*

*"Yeah right," I thought, "that is the silliest thing I ever heard." Once again, my half of the wit was not holding up its part of the bargain.*

#### Days 4 and 5

Daylight. The bedroll was pulled over my head to keep in the warmth. But I could hear voices, including Chuck's. Time to get up. As I began stirring, Toby Nipper, the Checkpoint 2 captain, in his distinctive drawl commented about the emerging of cocoon people. And upon finally hatching from the bedroll, there was Warren Richey, earnest documentary maker, grinning broadly with his camera. Oh well (which was not my comment at the time).

There at least was no rush as we still had a few hours before high tide. We tended to a few details and headed to a nearby restaurant for breakfast with friends Pat Johnson (of Pensacola) and Pat Johnson (of Wellington), who were following the race on land. For Chuck (who is from the dry side of Texas), it had been a case of a dew sleep in, he spread his dew dampened bedroll on Wellington Pat's Fatcat sailboat, parked nearby on a trailer.

The restaurant was stuffed with Watertribers enjoying a real meal. I managed a quick shower in Toby's motel room and we packed up and got ready to leave. Around 9:40am we shoved off along with kayakers Macatawa and his father, John Algera (Passaic Paddler), Scott Widmier, who performed so well in 2012 in his EC Puddleduck, was zooming around in a Super Mouse design, checking out the passes for a planned 2014 EC campaign.

*I had heard about the Cuban Restaurant at Chokoloskee for years. The breakfasts there are legendary in Watertribe lore. I swear I would have eaten there even if it had meant missing the tide (although I am sure that Gary would disagree, good thing it did not come to a showdown). I forget exactly what I had but it had eggs, it had sausage, it had potatoes and it had coffee, all the basic food groups, and it was cooked and seasoned to perfection.*

*I am not a foodie but I do appreciate good food and this breakfast was spectacular. Of course, my judgment might be somewhat affected by the fact that I had been eating nothing but kippered herring and granola bars for several days.*

We got to the south side of Chokoloskee Island and faced one of my personal nemeses. There's an open bay between the island

and the start of the mangroves and it always demands from me a toll of groundings, near groundings and sudden course changes. This year was no exception (or maybe it was pay-back for beating the tide the previous night).

The wind was from the east and prevented following the "safe" track in the GPS. We felt our way across, realized at one point we were headed for the start to Chokoloskee Pass instead of Rabbit Key Pass, grounded on an oyster encrusted sandbar, bumped and dodged a couple other shoals and finally made it to the mangroves. A combination of rowing and sailing got us through the pass and to the Gulf, about 90 minutes after we left.

Chuck had called his wife, Sandra, who gave us the weather forecast for the day, light to moderate south easterlies (headwinds on this part of the course) shifting to southwest in the afternoon and then westerly sometime at night. We found the light south easterlies as we hit the Gulf, but they quickly went very light and fluky. We tried to tack south, but mostly bounced around for about 45 minutes, and then a southwesterly filled it and we began to make steady progress, although there was a moderate chop.

A couple dollops came aboard but over-all the dryness of the Walkabout was impressive. We didn't bother to put up the dodger for extra protection. Pavilion Key was soon past and Chuck used his GPS to calculate we could make it almost to Northwest Cape Sable before we would have to tack. I came to think of this part of the trip as "thump, splash, repeat" as we worked through the chop.

It wasn't lonely. Coastie and Clam-Counter on their Hobie went by and Will and Amber Nye (ZeroTheHero and Green Mountain Girl) provided a spectacular view as they went by in the afternoon on their Vanguard Nomad 17 sloop, both pointing higher and footing faster. (Yes, I love unstayed rigs, but going to windward a properly tuned, stayed rig is almost always better.) And most of the day we could see Stan Hanson (Etchemin) and Bob Bradford (NiteNavigator) behind us in their Sea Pearl tri. This would also be one of the rare days in an EC when no reef was needed.

*I should note here that the Sea Pearl Tri did not catch us that evening, as they should have, and we later learned why. They had broken one of the aluminum castings in the folding mechanism of their port side aka and technically that was the handicap equivalent of a broken leg.*

The speed was about 3.5 to 4 knots as we passed Pavilion, then it picked up to 4.5 and occasionally 5 knots, which made for an optimistic ETA at East Cape Sable, where we would turn for the 10-mile run to Flamingo and Checkpoint 3. Interestingly, this offshore jaunt down the Everglades Coast is almost the same distance (it's a mile or so longer) than the distance between Pine Island Sound to Cape Romano.

About halfway down the coast the wind began to ease. The boat speed dropped to 3.5 knots, then 3. In compensation the chop decreased. But the ETA function on Chuck's GPS (which I came to loath) had moved well past the wrong side of midnight for Cape Sable. Later that night, in apparently disgust at our increasingly slow progress, his GPS quit altogether.

It didn't help when my half of a wit reassured itself. To clear the cockpit coamings, the Walkabout's oarlock sockets are mounted

in raised wooden blocks. The oars were carried in the oarlocks with the blades shock corded to cleats on the stern deck. The oars become sort of a low rail, a couple inches above the coaming. Anyway, at one point I stretched and unthinkingly leaned back against the oar near the block, and the block snapped in two.

It wasn't a critical breakage as we had paddles and the Walkabout paddles almost as well as it rows. But I felt like an idiot. (Chuck did a quick repair when we finally reached Flamingo with a longer screw for the sockets to fasten the broken parts together and some quick setting epoxy. But an hour out of Flamingo I did the exact same thing and broke it again. Fortunately we didn't need the oars again.)

*While I still blame Gary for the first break, the second one was not his fault, it seems the five-minute epoxy I had been carrying for years was either past its use by date or I did not mix it properly. It never did set up and the screws were the only thing holding it. It was not going to hold for rowing even if Gary had not leaned that second time. (But don't tell him, I want to milk this for all it's worth.)*

About an hour before sunset, as we were nearing Ponce De Leon Bay, the wind played a further trick. It eased again and headed us. That necessitated a tack offshore and the Walkabout's speed eased to about 2.5 knots and continued down. After a while we tried an onshore tack with the frustrating result the boat wallowed, barely making a knot. I figured it was a bit of a head sea, left over from the earlier wind, but Chuck adjusted the boom downhaul, moving it forward and that improved the performance.

But we were still heading shoreward too quickly, so we tacked back offshore with its slow but steady progress. Other than the frustration of that slow progress, it was a peaceful evening. The boat, gear and crew were dry. We were taking hour turns at the helm, and I managed two separate solid one-hour naps (the dodger was up now to shelter the off-watch crew) to add to some shorter naps earlier in the day.

The stars came out and we watched Orion head toward the western horizon as Scorpio rose in the southeast. And at least there were always stars to steer by. Around 10 pm we had a temporary slight increase in the breeze. Around 10:40 we tacked for land again, by Chuck's reckoning (verified afterwards) we were about eight miles offshore. "If it were daylight and I realized we couldn't see land, I might be nervous," he said with a smile.

*I cannot remember ever being on a small boat out of sight of land before, so here was my first time and I couldn't even appreciate it as there was not enough light to see that we could not see land.*

The slight improvement in the wind proved short lived and it continued to slowly decrease as we approached shore and the green flashing light at the entrance to Little Shark River came into sight off the port bow. Finally, around 1am, as I took the helm, it quit completely, the taunting green flasher emphasizing that we were knotless, so to speak.

Chuck lay down and I grabbed a paddle and spent a satisfactory half hour moving a mile in the right direction so the pesky light was no longer in front of us. We agreed that with no wind there was no reason to try to



Gary resting: Gary naps as Chuck steers down the Everglades Coast. Getting enough rest is critical to an Everglades Challenge.

sail the boat and we both might as well try to get some rest. But I wasn't particularly tired because of my naps, so Chuck got under the dodger again while I puttered around, ate a snack, stargazed and admired the reflection of the brighter stars in the calm water.



Night shot: A picture of our dodger, lit by flashlight, on Tuesday night as the wind eased then died. We appreciated having a covered spot where the off watch could stretch out and sleep. We got enough rest this night that once the wind picked up, we were able to finish without having to take any more breaks for sleep.

*It was a magical night! With almost no observable light pollution, only a slight loom from Miami, the stars were truly like "diamonds in the sky." Later that morning I got a chance to steer by the stars. All you have to do is watch the ugly compass a bit until you get the course established, then look up and see which stars are right next to the mast and then keep them there. The result is the most relaxing sailing you can imagine, no fretting with the GPS or consulting a compass with a glaring flashlight, just you and the stars and the tiller in your hand. For me, this was the high point of the whole EC.*

Around 2:30am the slightest breeze sprang up, just enough to ripple the water, and it was from the southwest. Hard on the wind, we were on course to just clear Northwest Cape Sable. The boat speed was only a knot or so, but it was at least in the right direction. Around 3am the wind

picked up further and soon the speed was around 3 knots.

From his regular breathing I could tell Chuck was sound asleep, so I didn't disturb him. In truth, it was joyous sailing. The waning moon was rising in the still cloudless sky and, while the temperatures were still cool, it was the mildest night so far. The sea was calm and the Walkabout slipped along on a magic ride. The impatience at not moving dissolved in the wake.

The wind continued to build so that by 5am we were scraping by Northwest Cape, just making it without a tack and doing better than 5 knots. Less than two hours later, as the sun was preparing to poke above the eastern horizon, Chuck helmed us past East Cape Sable and into a rarity that is the dream of every sailing Everglades Challenge participant, entering Florida Bay with a moderate following wind.

The red sun rose to yellow in the sky and the dark water turned green/blue on the royal ride to Flamingo. Channing Boswell (*Dances With Mullet*), in his wonderful not quite finished self-designed trimaran (he got it built, but not painted, in time for the EC) was departing in the Flamingo channel as we were entering. Shortly before 9am we entered the boat basin and tied up at dock.



Dances with Mullet: As we head in to the third checkpoint, Channing Boswell leaves Flamingo in his cool self-designed and built trimaran. Love that small pilothouse!

### The Final Run

I had thought Chuck planned to get a meal and shower at Flamingo and maybe a short nap before leaving sometime between 11 and noon, but I was wrong. After we got changed, for the first time I was able to dispense with fleece and long underwear, and Chuck fixed the oarlock mount, he was ready to be off. I made him wait while I grabbed a sandwich, milk and a couple snacks at the convenience store for the trip, and we left the dock at 10am.

*I guess I was thinking about that shower and a meal at the finish line. But I was also thinking of how the weather was perfect right THEN and who knew what it would be like later. It was time to leave.*

It's hard to convey the excitement we had at the approaching Florida Bay crossing. In my five previous EC finishes, twice strong easterly winds had compelled going around

the bay, adding 20 miles or so to the 35-mile distance. Twice the crossing was in marginal wind directions that led to problems getting through some of the narrow channels and some wading in the notorious Florida Bay knee deep (if you're lucky) mud.

Once was a late afternoon/night crossing with light following winds that died halfway across and led to some wonderful rowing in phosphorescent laden waters. But now we had moderate to strong following winds with the promise from the weather forecasters that they would remain that way all day. In the 2009 EC my wife, Helen, and I manned the Flamingo checkpoint and there were no favorable winds all week, only winds from the easterly quadrant. And now we had a west wind.

It looked like with a smooth crossing we might beat my best Florida Bay crossing time of around 12 hours (which, interestingly, was the one done with Chuck in 2006). We figured we might even make it by sundown, nine hours away.

We came out of the boat basin and took a small gamble, bearing left instead of taking the marked channel. It was high tide and I had done this before and we got away with it this time, too, thanks to the Walkabout's shallow draft. A mere 20 minutes later we entered Tin Can Channel, the GPS reading an exuberant 6.5 knots. We followed its undulations as the water changed from murky to the clarity for which the Bay is known. Chuck even talked me into shooting some underwater video with one of my cameras.

*One of the things I had dreaded was the prospect of having to beat the whole way around Florida Bay rather than enjoy the thrill of sailing across through the various channels. The one other time I had sailed this area, Gary and I had gone across and although it was challenging, I have never forgotten the appeal of this unique, tropical wonderland.*

Since my GPS had the tracks and waypoints for the Bay, we settled into a division of labor where I kept lookout, shot videos and fed courses to Chuck, who conned the boat through the passes and also kept a lookout. In just under an hour, we ran the five nautical mile length of Tin Can and bore off to the ESE for Dump Key Channel. The wind was now blowing white streaks in the water, but because of the shallows there were no significant waves. We scooted in the cut between the Dump Keys 30 minutes after leaving Tin Can and set out for End Key, a turning point to reach Twisty Mile Channel.

Instead of the wooden posts for the first two channels, Twisty, so named because it has lots of quick bends, was marked with short metal stakes. Or, as Chuck observed, the green water was deep, the brown water was shallow. We had our only slight navigational error here, cutting inside one of the stakes marking a turn. But we were allowed to go on with only a slight scraping of our partially lowered centerboard.

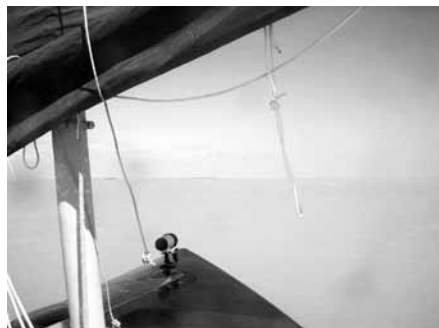
We exited Twisty around 1:25pm into slightly deeper waters that now turned the cloudy emerald color for which the Keys are famed. And I was dumbfounded by our speed. We were now more than halfway through the channels with only the shortest two remaining. Clearly we were having quite a run. But we didn't have too much time to reflect on this as the winds were increasing. So we paused while Chuck put a reef in the main and furled the mizzen,



which did not affect our speed. (I recalled that we had to reef *Oaracle* in the same area in our 2006 passage.)

We swapped positions and I had the pleasure of steering Walkabout through Jimmie Channel and then over to Manatee Pass. Manatee is the only passage not approached head on. It felt a bit like jumping off a train to come screaming up to the cut and then turn 90° (executing a gybe in these winds) to run it, but it went without a hitch, even if the channel looked shallow.

We cleared the cut and then Manatee Key and turned east to head for the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway, about seven miles ahead. Chuck left me at the helm and I kept having one thought as the seas, freed from nearby keys and given some slightly deeper water, began to build. That was, "We've had a good run in the EC and had a spectacular run across Florida Bay and now I'm going to dump the boat just as we scent the finish line." But it didn't happen.



Florida Bay: After clearing the channels in Florida Bay, we had about seven miles of emerald water to traverse on the way to the ICW in Key Largo. We had a tailwind of around 20 knots.

Walkabout continued to handle the following seas without fuss. A wave would come boiling past the boat and then began to whitecap just in front of the bow. At the same time, the next mound of cloudy emerald would catch the boat just right and shove it forward through the breaking wave in front.

Sometimes it took some helm correction to go straight, but sometimes the helm would go light and the tiller would seem to vibrate and the boat would hum as it shot forward over the next wave or two before losing momentum and settling back, waiting for the next boost. Exhilarating is too puny a word to describe the ride.

In 70 minutes we were at the ICW, turning northeast just behind Dances With Mullet who had taken a slightly different route and hit the ICW further south. Chuck was steering now as we raced to the northeast, cleared Baker Cut into Buttonwood Sound and veered east for the finish line.

The finish was marked on the GPS, but Chuck waited for definitive directions as I scanned the shoreline with my binoculars. But instead of directions, I started laughing. Four times I've been to this particular EC finish line, but every time had been at night. I didn't recognize anything in daylight. Oh well. The GPS got us close and we watched Dances With Mullet, about five minutes ahead of us, to see where he went. We landed to a rousing welcome from other finishers.

*So maybe it was a mistake to leave Flamingo in a hurry just to finish in daylight, but there were advantages, we had time to take*

*a shower, do some laundry and have some real food for a change, in about that order, and oh, did I mention that the restaurant next to the finish line had good food AND a craft beer that somehow had a coconut flavor to it. It sounds weird but was quite pleasant. What a way to cap a glorious EC!*



Finish: Two happy sailors at the finish line at the Bay Cove Motel in Key Largo after a sub-6-hour crossing of Florida Bay from Flamingo.

I glanced at my watch: 3:47pm. It was a perfect exclamation point for this year's EC. At four days, eight hours and 50 minutes, it was my second fastest finish and at less than six hours! It cut my previous best Florida Bay crossing time by more than half. Not bad for our combined wit. That night we crashed on the motel beds reserved for that day's finishers and listened to the wind howl. It was the first night where it didn't die. We were glad to be in.



### WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

[www.wwpotterowners.com](http://www.wwpotterowners.com)



### Navigation

Navigation: Somewhat over-navigated as we head down the Everglades coast on a crystal clear, sunny day followed by a clear, star-filled night. At the upper left is Chuck's new GPS mounted on a special box he built that held a 7ah AGM battery. A truly neat set up. Except the GPS didn't seem to like it, proving somewhat temperamental and finally quit altogether (through no fault of this installation) a few hours after this picture was taken. The other GPS is Gary's veteran Garmin which saw its first EC in 2007 and has a pile of EC waypoints and routes. The compass was our answer to a need for something that was compact, portable and adequately lit. The compass was serviceable but a bit small for Gary's bad eyes. (This was his fault, he had a larger compass we were going to use but he didn't find it until after the EC.) The small waterproof lights over the compass were great, no external wiring and plenty of endurance for an EC. These were purchased at a kayak shop.

**KITTERY POINT TENDER**



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull  
Traditional looking Yacht Tender  
Specially Designed for Ease of  
Rowing and Minimum Drag When  
Towing  
Row & Sail Models

**BAY of MAINE BOATS**

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693  
[maineboats@roadrunner.com](mailto:maineboats@roadrunner.com)

Since last year's solo canoe trip in the Everglades National Park was so much fun, paddling the same touring canoe I use at home in Maine and on all my trips in New England and the Canadian maritime provinces, I felt compelled to do yet another loop through the large park. The winter in Maine was also very long and cold, and I was in dire need of thawing out and limbering up my paddling shoulders and back from all the hard snow shoveling and roof raking. Nancy was again sweet enough to buy this excuse for yet another trip to the Glades. With a smile, she further encouraged me to test and get used to my new digital camera and thoroughly test my aging Sat phone and VHF weather radio (see all the trouble I had with them on my last trip in Penobscot Bay "Rounding Islesboro, North Haven & Vin-alhaven" on my website [www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com](http://www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com)).

And then there was the historic motivation for my personal quest. Almost all my past trips were partially motivated by some earlier explorer's venture, like those by John Cabot, Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain or Henry Hudson. 2013, it suddenly dawned on me, was exactly 500 years after Spanish Juan Ponce de Leon first landed on the Atlantic coast of "La Florida". It was on Spanish Easter, the "Feast of the Flowers" or "Pascua Florida", in the year 1513. His was the first written record of a European expedition to Florida as well as the naming of that area. How could I pass up this grand opportunity for a celebratory loop through southern Florida, the verdant Everglades, and especially through "Ponce de Leon Bay", where the Shark River empties into the Gulf.

So, cheerful, eager and full of new motivation I was heading south again by bus, plane, airport shuttle and pick-up by my ranger friends John and Donna, who were again willing to rent me their Kruger Monarch solo sea canoe, carbon bent-shaft Zaverall paddle and PFD. Just before sundown, just like last year, I crawled into my little Eureka tent at the Flamingo campground. It was February 21, 2013. The hardest part of my trip, as I saw it, was over.

I had again planned a 13-day round trip, first up the Gulf of Mexico, this year to the most northerly corner of the park, Tiger Key, and from there through the mangroves along the many rivers and streams and strings of interconnected lakes back to Flamingo, a 183-mile round trip. Like last year, I walked the mile past a cypress tree and lots of Spanish moss to the Ranger station to check in.



## Solo in the Glades

### A Picture Story Celebrating Ponce De Leon's 1513 Landing in "La Florida"

By Reinhard Zollitsch  
reinhard@maine.edu  
[www.ZollitschCanoeAdventure.com](http://www.ZollitschCanoeAdventure.com)



I was delighted to reserve all 12 back country campsites I had chosen, the sun was out, it felt warm, and I was very eager to push off towards Middle Cape Sable. With the prevailing SSE winds in this area, I like to be out on the Gulf going north, and coming home, in a mostly SSE direction, on the more protected inner part of the park of my clockwise loop.

My new digital camera was a delight and surprisingly easy to use. I tried to take a "perfect picture" the first time and never reviewed them, in order to save my battery. It took a lot of confidence, but it worked. After two weeks I was still on the first charged battery.

After four hours in the shallow waters to and around East Cape Sable, I found a great, level, sandy, shady spot for my tent at Middle Cape with a great view of the Gulf.



From there I headed up the mighty Shark River with the incoming tide to the Oyster Bay chickee for my second overnight. It is a cozy-looking, well-protected wooden platform for two tents, with a great view down the bay. I felt great paddling the 18 miles effortlessly in only 4:10 hours.

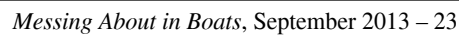


My next day was equally long (19 miles), through the Shark River delta into and across Ponce de Leon Bay and up the Gulf coast to my all-time favorite site on Highland Beach. The third day on any of my trips is mostly wrought with lots of arthritic joint pain, but not this time (and I do not really know why). I had again figured the tides perfectly for the day, flushing out of Oyster Bay and the Shark River with the strong ebb tide, and then up the coast with the incoming flood tide. I do not think I ever paddled 19 miles in only 3:30 hours.



I knew next morning would be a difficult low tide take-off. But since the run to New Turkey Key was a short one, I did not fret. I had a leisurely 9:30 a.m. start, carried my boat to the edge of the incoming tide, took my time loading up and pulled and scooted my boat into deeper water before getting in to paddle off. ("Scootering": with both hands on the gunwales and the right knee on the canoe seat, I push off with my left foot on port like on a scooter – get it?)

I was on New Turkey Key in no time (3:15 hrs for 13 miles), immediately went swimming off the small sand beach and admired the ubiquitous, chalky-white shells plastering the rest of the beach. I even found a lush green cactus as well as equally sharp-tipped agave plants behind my tent site.



Friends often ask me: "How can you live/function in such a small space for more than a weekend?" Well, here are some interior shots: My sleeping bag on a comfortable Thermarest pad and my Crazy Creek chair with extra pillow (my office).



My food, propane gas for my one-burner stove, etc., all brought from home in Maine in two large Army duffels, now transferred to waterproof bags for the canoe trip.



On Rabbit Key I noticed I had pitched my tent a tad too close to the high-water mark and had to build a small shell/coral dike to keep the saltwater from licking my tent etc. - not a good idea.



This would not happen again at my next stop on Tiger Key, I told myself.



On the way there, between Stop, Picnic and Tiger Keys, I had one of my best wild-life sightings ever: I got a real close-up view of a huge 5' sea turtle, breathing heavily at the surface. It had a large beak-like mouth, like a raptor and large front flippers. Its shell was mottled, its markings covered by sand, lichens and dirt, like an old ship's bottom. I had never seen a turtle that big other than in the Hagenbeck Zoo in Hamburg, Germany, when I was a kid. I was only feet away from the turtle and wished I had a picture of the big beast. But it eventually dove down before I could get my camera out. Later that afternoon, at high tide, I paddled over to the long sand beach on Picnic Key to see whether the turtle had crawled out to lay eggs, but found no signs of it.



A beautiful sunrise sent me on my way to the Ranger Station in Everglades City, where I had planned to meet my old friend Thornton and top off my two 2.5-gallon water containers. Unfortunately Thornton could not make it down from Sebring, but I met another old friend of mine, Sammy H., the kingpin of Everglades City (mayor, hotel and restaurant owner, as well as tour boat and canoe rental owner), a most delightful and colorful "local boy" from the island of Chokoloskee.

An hour later I was on my way again to a new chickee on Crooked Creek. It replaces the one on Sunday Bay, I was told, where the water was getting too shoal. "You'll have no problem finding it. They just moved it over a bit", I heard people say. Others thought it was close to trail marker #125. Anyway, I was sure I would find it. I had always found what I was looking for in the past.

After bucking the incoming tide for 17 miles, I looked all around #125, the entrance/exit to Crooked Creek. It just was not there. So I paddled into the Creek and even down its entire 1-mile length to marker #126. Again, nothing, nowhere, nohow, just a manatee warning sign further up the much bigger Lopez River. Up the creek with my paddle again towards Sunday Bay - nothing. So I finally mustered the guts to stop a fishing boat for information. I was mortified! This was the first time EVER that I had to ask for trail information, like being lost. (However, I had already come up with a plan B, i.e. to camp out on the Lopez River campsite, 1 mile downriver, if I could not find the Crooked Creek site by myself.) I was not panicking, just awfully tired after 19 miles, and annoyed about the inaccurate labeling of the site by park authorities. The chickee was definitely not on tiny Crooked Creek! I could not have missed it twice!!

Then I was told that it was tucked away behind a small island about a quarter mile north of #126, the southern entrance/exit point of Crooked Creek, near the manatee sign. By then I had paddled 20 miles and had spent 5:25 hours in my boat, and was

truly miffed. The incoming tide of the Lopez River, (not Crooked Creek) was still running strong behind the island into the Cross Bays as well as into Mud and Sunday Bays eventually. The new site was well protected from the winds all right, which in this case, however, was a detriment: it was buggy as hell.

In summation, the Crooked Creek chickee on Lopez River was a very bad replacement choice for the lovely, open-vista Sunday Bay chickee, if you ask me, and needs to be re-labeled, or at least amended with a note like "A quarter mile north of #126 on Lopez River". Ah well, if only Park Officials had asked paddlers/campers before putting up this new site! (And that goes for the new Plate Creek chickee also - see my later comments.)



But my trip picked up again next morning, and I was in a great mood paddling up the narrow arm to Sweetwater chickee,



and next day through Alligator and Plate Creek to the new Plate Creek chickee.





I was sorry to see the historic old massive chickee go, but wished the rotting underpinnings had been removed also – maybe next year.



As I had already noticed last year, the new chickee is so high that I could not even get my chest onto the platform to get out, not even when standing on the seat of my boat. Heaving my packs from my boat to the platform took me back to my kayak racing days, when I trained by lifting my typewriter with straight arms in order to build up my shoulder muscles. Being a former gymnast also helped my clambering up onto the platform, but at 73 this was more of a challenge. I pitied the kayakers getting their gear in and out of their boats. How do they do it? Lying on the platform, they would need gibbous arms even to touch their boats.

Just as I got in my tent, the winds suddenly started to blow out of the NW, building to 30+ knots in no time, gusting even higher. The water was suddenly black, and the tops of the waves blew off. And then it rained to boot and got noticeably colder. I held up my tent from the inside, leaning my back hard against the buckling sides. I also stuffed toilet paper in my ears and phased out completely, reading yet another adventure novel by Clive Cussler.

My sat phone, by the way, worked flawlessly again, and was still on its first battery pack. My new digital camera, as already mentioned, was a delight. Even though I had brought a back-up battery, I was still on my first one. (Remember, there are no electrical plug-ins along the Wilderness Waterway to recharge anything!) My VHF radio, though, only worked intermittently since it had a hard time reaching the weather stations near Key West to the south or Fort Myers to the north. (It has a max 40-mile range.) But I knew from experience that the strong winds would/could be back next day, and they were. So I planned to start even earlier. I flushed down Lostmans River (nautical charts do not use apostrophes) with the last of the outgoing tide and got to Highland Beach just in time before the winds sprang up again in earnest.



I felt snug and well-protected back in my favorite palm grove along this 3-mile-long headland and enjoyed an entire afternoon and evening with reading and writing and lots of coffee and cocoa and a scrumptious meal of Hormel chili with beans. But it got real cold again. I was in polys, polar fleece, wool socks and watch cap. In the morning I could see my breath in the air, just like back home in Maine.

For the next day I had planned a short 8-miler (a mercifully brief 2-hour paddle) to the Graveyard Creek, a compression day of sorts, in case I had been delayed by unavoidable adverse weather conditions the days before. But I was still right on schedule, and the bad cold weather system of the last two days had passed through late last night and was gone in the morning. The sun even came out again, it got warm, and I enjoyed 3 more brilliant days back to Flamingo.



The following day was a long 20.5-miler across Ponce de Leon Bay and through the Shark River Delta, one of my favorite stretches and navigational challenges. I was able to plan paddling with the incoming tide through the many delta arms I chose, deep into Oyster Bay and down Joe River, before the tide turned. Three and a half hours later I was already at the South Joe chickee, my last stop-over, like last year, but fortunately no wind this time.



I enjoyed a beautiful sunrise the next morning, and got ready for my last easy 11.5 miles to Flamingo.



When I stuck my bow out into large Whitewater Bay, I noticed two kayakers about half a mile ahead of me, and I could not help myself, wanting to catch up to them. However, they were swifter than I had anticipated, no drifts dawdlers, like most of the boats I meet on the water. I really had to paddle! It took me 8.5 miles to catch them, just before we entered the last home stretch down the Buttonwood Canal into Flamingo. One was paddling a fast Epic 18 kayak, the other an equally slender surf-ski. It turned out they were racing in the 300-mile Everglades Challenge from Tampa to Key Largo. They told me they were leading at one point. (As it turned out, one finished second in his class, the other third in another class.)

That explains it. They were keen paddlers, a tad sleep-deprived and on a long-distance pace, but they were pushing, racing for time, and I had to hustle to catch up to them in my loaded touring canoe. They were also surprised to see me catch up to them, but were glad to hear that I was not in the race. I in turn assured them that I would not function as well as they did with so little sleep. On my recent 5-week trans-Atlantic sail (from Antigua/Caribbean to Hamburg/Germany), 4 hours on, 4 hours off during watches, was all I could muster.

Cameras were everywhere when we three arrived in Flamingo. I tried to stay out of the picture and let them bask in the glory of racing. So I swung into the service basin, where I landed 30 minutes early for my 11:00 a.m. pick-up date with my ranger friends John and Donna. They then drove me back to Florida City, where I camped out one last night in the courtyard of the Everglades Hostel.

The trip home the next day by airport shuttle to Miami and from there around yet another snowstorm to New York and Portland, Maine was mostly smooth. The bus ride home to Orono was tiring, but sleepily, dreamily playing back in my mind the 13 wonderful days on the waters of the Everglades National Park, the mangrove-clad rivers and lakes and the wide open chalky-green Gulf of Mexico, made me smile and already think of yet another visit in the Glades.

No, I did not find the "Fountain of Youth" either, that Juan Ponce de Leon so fervently searched for, in Florida's many aquifers, but my trip was again certainly as invigorating and rejuvenating as ever.

Happy Quincentennial, "La Florida"!





Our house sits right out at the tip of City Point in Burnt Coat Harbor, Swan's Island, Maine, with water on three sides. A steep slope runs down to the shore, covered with ferns, blueberries, bayberries, a spruce or two and a couple of ancient apple trees. I was relaxing up on the porch on a misty golden hued August morning enjoying all this along with my first cup of coffee when I spied a strange craft emerging very slowly out of the mist.

There was no perceptible breeze and the small lugsail rigged cat yawl was advancing at a rate that could only be called glacial. In fact it was hard to tell that she was moving at all. A couple of things about this apparition claimed my whole attention right away.

First, visiting boats rarely venture up into our end of the harbor where the charts wrongly show 2' or less of water, so whoever was sailing this boat was more than usually adventurous, and second, the fact that the boat was sailing in virtually no wind meant that there was a kindred spirit out there, someone who appreciated the subtle pleasures of winning one's way without recourse to crass mechanical measures.

Finally, there was the craft itself, a truly unusual vessel of 19' or so, hard chined, chunky, with a large multi windowed house and smallish sails of novel cut. Not my idea of a beautiful boat perhaps, but a most interesting one, and, for her length, probably quite useful. A boat which, to paraphrase the popular song, might not go very fast but could go pretty far.

In short, I was intrigued by the whole business and determined that later in the day I must row out to meet this lone voyager who, I was sure, would have many interesting things to show and tell.

It didn't work out though. Part of the time the tide was wrong, and then I had a lot of other things that needed doing. Night came and I still hadn't been out to visit the mystery craft where she lay at anchor not far from

## An Extraordinary Voyager

By W. R. Cheney

my engineless catboat *Penelope*. I resolved therefore to go out there first thing next morning. But at 6:30am next day I looked out into the harbor and found that our visitor had vanished as quietly and as mysteriously as she had come.

I was sorry for the missed opportunity but thought no more about it until a few days later at lovely Pickering Island, a favorite anchorage not far from the western end of the Eggemoggin Reach. I had just dropped anchor after a longish day of chasing zephyrs in East Penobscot Bay. In plus or minus zero wind it had taken six hours to traverse the few short miles between Orcutt Harbor and the western anchorage at Pickering, and I was ready for a drink. There are moments, rare as they may be, when even I think an engine might be a useful piece of equipment.

Off in the distance a familiar form began to take shape. Slowly, but with increasing certitude, I recognized the unusual profile of the mysterious little yawl I had observed from my porch. And ever so slowly she approached, moving with an almost magical inevitability given that there was no perceptible wind nor tide to propel her. She arrived an hour or so later and I was surprised to note that her single-handed skipper was not some grizzled old sea dog like myself but an attractive blond woman, probably somewhere in her 40s or 50s.

This was news indeed, for single-handed female sailors are about as rare as the proverbial hen's teeth. Given all my previous interest and speculation, I was now doubly interested in going to talk to her. But a wily old salt on a vintage powerboat, the only other craft in the anchorage, was faster. In no

time at all he was out in a little green kayak, circling around and chattering away like a talk show host. I decided to leave the evening chat to him and try again in the morning. I did get to talk to her the next day, and what a story she had to tell.

Shemaya Laurel learned sailing and a love of being on the water as a teenager during summer vacations with her grandmother who lived in Stonington on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. She had an O'Day Widgeon there and long days afloat laid the foundation for what she would always be, first and last, a sailor.

The cares and obligations that come along in the course of everybody's lives kept her away from the water except for occasional day sailing during her 20s and 30s. Complicating her situation during this period was the onset of more or less debilitating symptoms of Lyme disease which, for a time, made sailing completely impossible.

But at 40 she bought a Bristol Corsair 24 and came back to the sport with a vengeance. Cruising in the lower Connecticut River and Long Island Sound was interspersed with intense home study on all aspects of navigation and small boat cruising.

After a year or two of this, Shemaya moved up to a classic Lyle Hess designed Falmouth Cutter. As aficionados know, this hefty 22-footer is probably the ultimate pocket yacht with accommodations, sea keeping abilities, a turn of speed to match many much larger boats and a jaunty, salty look that can bring tears to your eyes (especially if, like me, you want, but can't manage to have, one).

Thus equipped, Shemaya set out to do some serious cruising. The years 2002-2003 saw a couple of cruises Down East from Connecticut, the more ambitious one being a two and a half month affair which got as far as Cutler, Maine, up by the Canadian border where the fog swirls especially thick, the tides are extreme and the current runs hard. As skipper of a splendid craft with time and impaired but sufficient strength at her disposal it seemed the sky was the limit. Almost any sailing ambition was within reach.

But then the pernicious microbe asserted itself again and Shemaya's condition spiraled downward to a point where sailing was no longer an option. There followed three years during which Shemaya and various helpers were occupied in finding, if not a cure, at least a *modus vivendi*, a way of living with a disease that can be subdued to some degree but will not go away.

At last Shemaya was ready to sail again, but it could not be the same. The Falmouth Cutter with its large sail area and heavy rig was now too much boat for her. Weakened to the point where walking was difficult and, even getting on and off, up and down on that high sided craft was not practical, trying to single-hand the boat on long cruises was out of the question.

But sail she would. Shemaya sold the cutter and got herself a 14' Peep Hen micro cruiser and continued logging sea miles. Even in that tiny craft she and a friend managed a cruise from Danversport, Massachusetts, to Kittery on the coast of Maine.

In 2008 Shemaya commissioned the building of her present craft, the 19'8" Bolger designed Chebacco Boat *Auklet*, perhaps with the idea of finding a compromise between the Falmouth Cutter, which was too big, and the Peep Hen, which was too small.



The *Auklet* was launched in April of 2012 and Shemaya has been on board pretty much ever since (at the time of this writing we are in mid-October 2012). Most people for whom even the simple process of getting on and off of boats can involve pain and difficulty would probably call it a day and elect to stay off boats.

Shemaya's solution has been to stay ON the boat most of the time, and it works for her. She seems happy and relaxed on board her floating home and is proud of leaving a very light footprint on her environment. *Auklet* is equipped with solar panels for power and a composting toilet for zero impact on her surroundings. Shemaya is even experimenting with growing some of her own vegetables on board.

Throughout her various tribulations, Shemaya's attitude has remained relentlessly upbeat. In an earlier draft of this article I referred to the onset of Lyme Disease as "a disaster." Shemaya objected to this, saying that she prefers to think of it as an opportunity to "learn many new things." She sees life as an adventurous journey in which you take the cards you are dealt and always try to make the most of them.

While *Auklet* is seldom seen under anything but wind power, she does have a Torqeedo 1003 electric outboard which Shemaya uses only very sparingly, and only in situations which might otherwise become dangerous. She says she considers the outboard as "training wheels" for going engineless which she hopes to do in the near future. A yuloh is under consideration but she is not sure she would be strong enough to use it successfully. Meanwhile the simple process of wagging the rudder back and forth has provided sufficient propulsion for many windless situations.

The boat which technically is Bolger's Chebacco #2 design, or Glass House Chebacco (see *Boats with an Open Mind*, by Phillip C. Bolger, International Marine, 1994), was drawn and built as a gaff headed cat yawl with considerably more sail area than she shows now, but somewhere around launch time the original mast delaminated and rather than wait around for repairs, Shemaya took a shorter mast from another boat and improvised the lug rigged main.

I mentioned that a junk-rigged main of greater area might be ideal for both her and the boat and she said that indeed she had been thinking about it. I mentioned Blondie Hasler's book on the junk rig (a very obscure reference indeed) and she said that oh yes, she

had a copy. This led to a general discussion of the literature of the sea and cruising in particular from which I came away believing that she has read most all of it, if not everything.

During the course of our conversation, I mentioned to Shemaya that I occasionally wrote for *Points East* and other publications and asked if she would send me a copy of her itinerary for the summer of 2012 so folks would know what a small boat and a determined sailor can really do. It follows here. I can only say that it reads more like the index to a cruising guide for New England waters than a description of a single cruise.

### Auklet 2012 Shakedown Cruise Itinerary

April 20: Deep River, Connecticut, first launch, 20 days at Warren's dock in Deep River, with side trip test run for two nights in Selden Creek, across the Connecticut River from Deep River.

Middle of May: Fitting out in Madison, Connecticut at friend's dock in the Neck River until May 31. More fitting out at Fishers Island, Stonington Connecticut, Point Judith Pond, Rhode Island.

Month of June: Narragansett Bay, Dutch Harbor, Wickford, Sakonnet River, Cuttyhunk, Narragansett Bay again, rudder post/tiller connection repair, Cuttyhunk again going back and forth including Sakonnet Harbor, Westport Harbor, and third beach in the Sakonnet River two or three times.

Departed Cuttyhunk eastbound first few days of July, Onset Harbor, shore support meeting for supplies, and waiting for favorable timing of tide.

July 5: Cape Cod Canal transit, Wellfleet outer harbor (two nights), Sesuit Harbor (East Dennis, two nights), Duxbury/Plymouth (three nights), Rockport, Isles of Shoals, Stage Island Harbor (Cape Porpoise) (two nights), Wood Island Harbor (Biddeford, two nights), Jewell Island (Casco Bay), South Freeport (three nights), Little Whaleboat Island (Casco Bay), Cliff Island (Casco Bay), Damariscove Island, Christmas Cove (Damariscotta River, three nights), Poorhouse Cove (John's River, three nights), Pemaquid Harbor, Shark Island (Muscongus Bay, desperation anchorage, not recommended), Long Cove, Tenants Harbor, Lyman Morse slip Tenants Harbor shore support, Long Cove, Birch Island (Muscle Ridge), North Haven shallow cove immediately south of Pulpit Harbor entrance.

August 14: Buck's Harbor, Greenlaw Cove (Deer Isle), Swans Island, White Islands (Hurricane Sound, three nights), Pickering Island, Holbrook Island Cove, Castine, Belfast (three days), Holbrook Island Cove, Castine (two nights), Great Spruce Head Island (north of North Haven), Birch Island (Muscle Ridge, two nights), Long Cove, Tenants Harbor, Turkey Cove, St. George River, Love Cove, Ebencook Harbor, Sheepscot River.

Rounded Cape Small mid-afternoon, wind went away, hard to get into harbor, decided to sail all night, and then most of next day. Next anchorage was Little Harbor, Portsmouth, New Hampshire (five nights), then another long day to Manchester by the Sea, Massachusetts (four nights)

September 20: Cape Ann Marina, Annisquam River, Gloucester, two nights, then Dave Zeiger (the Triloboats guy) and Anke Wagner came aboard for several days.

Looking back at all this, no wonder I'm tired!!!



MAAS ROWING SHELLS  
AB INFLATABLES  
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES  
HONDA OUTBOARDS  
THULE RACKS  
ROWING INSTRUCTION  
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340  
(860) 536-6930

### The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

...preserving, studying, building, restoring and using wooden and birch bark canoes...

Local events throughout Canada and the United States

On-line research and repair help at [www.WCHA.org](http://www.WCHA.org)

Bi-monthly journal, *Wooden Canoe* • Annual Assembly

**ASSEMBLY 2013** featuring  
July 9-14

Paul Smith's College, Paul Smiths, N.Y.

**All are Welcome. Join Us!**

Become a member today.

Information at [www.WCHA.org](http://www.WCHA.org) or call 603-323-8992.



**DON'S DOCK**  
MARINA  
STONINGTON CONNECTICUT  
19★79

**THE TRAIN BRIDGES ARE RAISED!**

Most stable floating docks around  
\$50 in fuel to new customers who  
sign up for the 2013 Season

info: 860-535-0077-[www.dons-dock.com](http://www.dons-dock.com)  
228 North Water Street

Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Moorings, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage

That's what Russell said, after I tied off to the float and was tidying up the mess. I thought he was giving me the gears, because of the rather lubberly landing I'd just made. Then he explained.

However, I'm getting way ahead of myself. The good news is, we're afloat!!! Or, as they might say in Newfoundland, "Lard toonderin' Jayzus she's foinally in da whaater!" If someone had suggested, back in early April, that it would be mid July before *Ellie-Xander* got her bottom wet, I'd have been incredulous, at the least and, more likely, insulted. But, it was July 14 before I finally hooked up the trailer and headed off to the marina.

First, a bit of backing and filling. As was sharply pointed out to me by my daughter, it's supposed to be *Ellie-Xander*, not *Ellie-Zander* (shortened from *Alexander*). She then added, "Everyone gets that wrong!" Making like a nice father, I bit my tongue, and didn't point out that "If everyone gets that wrong..."

Then, I did a crude job of making an "X" out of the mylar "Z," and hope that such a small name change doesn't bring bad luck to the boat. It'll have to do until I can get back to the Yacht Shop in Lunenburg.

Those of you who have been following this, with perhaps more devotion than it merits, may be asking why the boat didn't go to the marina the previous weekend, which arrived with fine weather, and was (here in Canada) a long holiday weekend. Turned out that next winter's firewood arrived on July 6. That was about five weeks later than I had expected and hoped. We'd been having so much rain that Buddy's trailer, with two cords loaded on, had been mired in the woods for three weeks. I'll say this, all that rain made it comforting to have a boat in the back yard, just in case.

More rainy weather was predicted for the whole of the following week, so the boat sat neglected on the trailer, while I spent the long holiday weekend stacking firewood. I got two and a half cords put up, and had the sore back, legs and hands to prove it. Felt good to have that much done though. One and a half to go.

Nautically, things started looking up the following weekend, sunny and not desperately hot. There has been a lot of desperately hot recently. In fact, I'm still trying to figure out how we went from typical April weather to the four most horrible days in August, without ever passing through May, June or July. But, enough with the meteorological qvetching.

Up at 7am on Saturday morning, I decided that I would stack wood for 90 minutes while it was still relatively cool, then devote the rest of the weekend to getting the boat to the marina. At 9am, I started hunting up all the bits and pieces that had been stored much too haphazardly last fall. Tiller over in that corner, boom up overhead, PFDs in the little shed, sails in the basement, etc...

Next came the dry run of my optimistically conceived rowing scheme. I had spent a lot of time trying to come up with a workable way to row the boat. Think wooden top-sail, since there are no plans for an iron one (yet). The first half dozen ideas that came to mind had potential, alas, mostly potential for frustration, disappointment or disaster. So, it became a process of simplification. My methodology is to simplify to the point of hopelessly unworkable, then back up two or three steps.

## St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 8

### "I see you've got your wits about you"

By Ernie Cassidy



*Ellie-Xander* and skipper at the marina.

This is one of the joys of a wooden boat, I can screw things into it, run bolts through it, glue stuff onto it. In my old 12' *Pamplemousse*, I couldn't have found a stick of wood that wasn't at least  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. A couple of #8 screws with  $\frac{1}{16}$ " bury will tolerate quite a strain. Make that bolts, backed with oversize washers, and I could mount pad-eyes fit to hoist the boat on to a ship. That is the proper naval definition of a boat, a vessel made to be hauled aboard a ship. I have never understood why submarines have always been referred to as "boats." But, I digress.

Alas, not much wood to work with on the current boat. *Ellie-Xander* has a fiberglass hull, maybe  $\frac{3}{16}$ " thick in the lightly stressed panels. I wouldn't trust a simple screw fastened hook to keep my hat out of the bilges under those circumstances, mounting oarlocks was looking like a non starter.

Every bolt or screw in this hull has to have some sort of backing...wood (smirk), oversize washers or extra layers of cloth and resin, to spread the load over a sufficient area to resist the anticipated strain on the fastener all, no doubt, calculated with finite element analysis software by some geek who's never built a sawhorse (let alone a boat) but is a whiz with numbers.

Installing oar locks on this boat would be complicated by the fact that the side decks of the *Ellie-Xander* are sealed off at the ends, and the underside of the deck is inaccessible. No way to install the necessary backing plates for oar lock pads, unless I'm willing to start cutting access holes and risk compromising the water-tight integrity of the hull. Not to mention effect on the resale value of the boat. I wasn't prepared to do that. So, simply adding oar locks was not an option.

Besides which, it being "launch day," I was in a hurry.

It finally dawned on me that the jib sheet fairleads were located just about where I would have chosen to put oarlocks in this boat. It appeared as if a lanyard, tightly bent onto the oar shaft, could be pulled through the fairlead, locked into its cam cleat and the unit would work as a fulcrum for the oar. Think of it as a variation of the single thole pin with a loop of line arrangement that might be found on a low budget dory.



Improvised oarlocks, going with what you got department.

With the boat sitting on the trailer in front of the garage, my trial mock up looked eminently serviceable. Alas, at this point I hadn't even stepped the mast, let alone the boom, rudder, sail, cordage, etc... Failure to do a full dress rehearsal would have "interesting" consequences for the upcoming sea trials later that day. After another hour of checking and double checking, to be sure I had all the necessary bits and pieces, I set off for the marina in Meteghan.

The plan was to row the boat around the outside of the big wharf, where the launching ramp is, to the *Ellie-Xander's* berth at Float #3 inside the wharf complex. If that all worked out, and all the mooring arrangements were satisfactory, I planned to come back on Sunday and take 'er out in the Bay. By the time I got to the marina, the wind had "come up considerable," as Pete Culler might have put it. Commodore Comeau had come along to lend a hand and suggested that, at the least, I ought to have the mainsail aboard, and perhaps should consider sailing around to the mouth of the harbor, and rowing in from there.

This idea had instant appeal. The sail was "bent" onto the boom (are we allowed to say that when it's a bolt rope in a slot?), hoisted up the mast and Lard toonderin', we were sailing! It was a lovely afternoon, and a fine breeze. Seemed a bit foolish to head straight to the berth. So, I sailed right on past the end of the big wharf and out into the little bay on its north side. God...didn't it feel good.

After bargaining around in the little bay for a while, I decided to go take a look "outside" the breakwater where the waves are. Out in the undisturbed wind, on a close reach, the *Ellie-Xander* really picked up her skirts and took off. Hooo boy, we're havin' fun now. I started having thoughts about sailing around the red buoy (remember the red buoy, from Chronicle No. 2?) Then I looked at my watch and thought I should save that for another day. Time to head in, test the auxiliary propulsion system and get her safely put to bed.

I sailed right into the harbor and got the oars ready, just like in the driveway. I put my "rowing seat" across the front of the cockpit, suspended on the benches running down each side from midships to forward. I was feeling pretty clever.



However, when I hauled down the mainsail, suddenly nothing was like it was in the driveway. The starboard oar disappeared under multiple layers of brightly colored Dacron, the boom was sitting exactly where I was supposed to be sitting and up so high I could neither see over it, nor past the sail hanging under it. I had bights of the sheet around both ankles, and we were drifting with disconcerting speed and determination towards several much more expensive boats than mine, and at least two nasty looking outboard motor propellers.

I finally managed to find the starboard oar, and began rowing backward for all I was worth. Alas, the rowing lash up, that looked so good for forward rowing, worked horribly for backing down. The geometry was now all wrong. The oars rolled over and wanted to knife through the water rather than pry against it, unless I held on with a death grip that I wouldn't have been able to sustain for long.

I had remembered to raise the centerboard to get rid of its drag but I forgot about the tiller, which ended up trapped under the sail, at a bad angle, and was sending the boat off in unplanned and unexpected directions, despite my frantic efforts to compensate with the opposing oar. Should have just unshipped the damn thing before I dropped the sail. Not entirely through my own efforts, the boat got turned completely around. I realized that if I sat on the permanent thwart that braces the

centerboard case, I could push row, doryman style which restored the proper geometry to the lanyards and could finally get some real force into each stroke. We were now heading away from all those expensive neighbors and fiberglass gnashing propellers.

Once I'd gained enough sea room, I dropped the boom further down the mast, so I could see where I was going and get a better purchase on the oars, then got the tiller bungeed to the centerline position, so I didn't have to fight the rudder. Now facing forward, pushing the oars against the lanyards, I could make some real progress, with some semblance of control.

*Ellie-Xander* got to the float without further incident or drama. I tied her off, began to tidy up and started making some mental notes about procedures that would have to be sharpened up before the next "cruise." I had just picked up one of the oars, its lanyard trailing in the wind, when Russell appeared on the float and said, "I see you've got your wits about you."

Certain that he'd seen the shambles I'd made of my first attempt at berthing under oars in a crowded marina, I assumed he was being ironic. It being our first meeting, I wasn't certain if that was intended to be good naturedly ironic, or that was pretty inept ironic. I must have pulled a face, as he quickly added, "In Newfoundland, they call bits of line like that, wits." Then he gave me

a friendly and obviously genuine smile. Ah... good natured ironic.

This year, Russell and I have the only sailboats at the marina. Russell's is a 36' Benneteau sloop, which he often takes out single handed. He didn't say so, but I suspect he's had a couple of "adventures" of his own, as a solo sailor, and was sympathetic about my comical arrival, it being my first trip and all. We chatted for a bit, and he commented on what a pretty little boat she was, with her double chines and all. He then asked me why I didn't bring the outboard motor along. I told him there was no outboard motor to bring along. He looked at me as if I were slightly daft.

I told him I was going to try it with oars, at least until the day I found myself desperately wishing for a motor. I boldly added, "Back in the day, they used to tow full rigged ships through the Doldrums with the longboat. I should be able to manage an eighth of a mile in a 16-footer." I think he still thinks I'm slightly daft. In fact, that seems to be the general attitude of the gas and diesel crowd. I've been out on the Bay two more times as I write this. But, I've taken up a lot of space, and I'm hard up against this issue's deadline, so we'll save all that for Chronicle No. 9.

I'll say this though, she's some sweet boat.

Kudos or brickbats may be sent to:  
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

## Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



**WEST  
SYSTEM®**

**866-937-8797**

**www.westsystem.com**



Here's something you don't see every day, a little 13' sailboat with a topsail. Barry Long built two of these melonseeds in his basement and, being Barry, had to do everything he could to make them unique. Besides all the other things he did, I think this qualifies as more than unique, it's amazing. Go to his site to see more pictures and a short video of the sail in action and you'll appreciate what he did. It's probably easy to get up and down but I'm not sure how he does it.

<http://www.eyeinhand.com/Marginalia/2013/07/04/30-mile-day-morning/>



Judy Blue Eyes sent me this picture of her little 13' melonseed being sailed in Charleston Harbor by one of her boat shop guys there. He says that *Freedom* is a real screamer and a gas to sail.



Howard made lots of mahogany parts when he made the upper part of his boat.

## From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Steve's doing a complete refurbish on *Chelsea* and, after spending a week sanding and varnishing the brightwork, swears he'll paint it all next time. This boat stays out in the Florida sun all the time and nothing other than house paint can stand up to that. The one thing that has never let him down is the 10hp Briggs and Stratton lawnmower engine that pushes her along. It's going on five years in the boat around salt water and is still not all rusted away and starts instantly every time. When it finally stops running, which I suppose it will, all you do is take out four bolts and pop another one in its place, they only cost \$300 brand new.



The Junk: Stan's been talking about wanting to build a junk for as long as I've known him. He's the one person down here in Florida I know who will actually spend the night on a small boat and the ones he's made are just too small. His *Nancy's China* just doesn't do the job. Getting in and out is like getting in and out of a sleeping bag. I think he said that this one will be 18' long and 7 1/2' wide with standing headroom and an outboard in a well. Stan is a creative genius and always comes up with unusual designs. I think he's finally on the right track with this one. He's building this boat like Jay Bliss did his, make a model and work off that. It'll have dual keels so it will stand up when aground in our shallow waters.



Kevin Lott from North Georgia stopped by the shop with his family last week to see if we were for real and to see some of the details of my 16-footer. He's building one for himself from plans I sent him and is at the point where it's time to figure out all of the little details. It's been six or seven years since I built *Laylah* and she's gone through many changes to try to simplify everything down to the very basics. Here's a look at the little mast hoops and the way the gaff jaw attaches to the sail and mast. It's just tied on with a small line. This works better than the other fancy fittings and there's nothing to rub on the wood.



Here's Kevin with me in front of the shop. Helen came home from her sister's and made me get a haircut. I was going for the pirate look but she thought it was closer to the bum look and Kevin didn't give a dam either way.



Texas Jim Rester sent this shot of his boat up on blocks so he could do some work on the trailer. Unlike most of the rest of us, he didn't even try to fool with the trailer with the boat on it, we all know that's impossible but yet still try to do it anyway.





Paul and Lauren came by to see this extreme dock I just finished, they have a backyard that's planted with all kinds of exotic stuff and Paul was telling her how I had this self watering dock. Naturally she said, "what the hell is a self watering dock?" Look at the top of the purple pipes at the green plants growing out the tops. The up and downs are full of dirt and the sideways ones are hollow and connect the whole thing. The hanging pots are below little holes I drilled so when I open one valve everything get watered in about 30 seconds.



Steve is also in this one with his giant umbrella boat. It does make you want to sit out here and enjoy the peace, if no one comes and talks to you which is just about impossible.



High tides, the plants are confederate jasmine and they're really taking off, I can pour miracle grow in the fill pipe, also.



Front view, definitely the Peeper for the most boat for the buck or, in this case, the most boat for the tiniest boat. I'd swap trailers and sell the Potter. Mike is bigger than me so size matters.



The final destination for our river cruise was a riverside bar on the Manatee River. Here *Helen Marie* shown by herself. I think I'll keep my boat, I don't need 500hp horse to go get a burger and a beer.



Crazy Steve going home, tough commute, two minutes.



Last week we loaded up the boat with Lance, Kathy, Steve, me and a bunch of dogs and headed out to explore parts of the river we'd not been to before. This big moon is causing really high tides so *Helen Marie* could go anywhere. She draws 18" and these were 2 1/2' tides so we could go in places that are dry on a low tide. We went up a tiny creek that goes through a trailer park and found this old boat house.



Mike Burwell just can't stay away from little boats. The one on the left is a Peep Hen and the other one is a Potter. Both are about the same length but you can see how much bigger the Hen is. They say that they're not bad little cruising boats. Whalen has a Hen so it must be true, he would never steer you wrong.



Here's another one up that same creek, this is our kind of guy.

Never believe more that half of what an old sailor tells you and if he's an old Yankee sailor make it about a quarter. This is Richard, I showed you pictures of him making the mast for his new melonseed last time. Well, he's made several of these Nutshell prams for his grandkids. I said that we have a nine-footer here and it's way too small for an adult to fit in. Now he tells me that this is the seven-footer and he does this all the time. I'd believe him except for the old enough to have grandkids part, no normal old guy can really do this for long, except Rich isn't a normal old guy, but that's another story.



This is the first of two pinup pictures for my good friend Cassey, no Scott isn't looking for a good woman, he wants a boat and you know how much attention a good woman gets with a boat nut. He ask me advice on building a boat and the best I could do is just go for it, get started and figure it out as you go, so he did. Or you could think and plan and make sure you know everything there is to know (ha) and never actually do anything. I know a lot of you and that's just what you did. It may not be perfect but you've got a boat and you know how do fix it next time and there will be a next time.



Steve made a stand up paddleboard for Pete the Plumber, the big guy with arms the size of my head, I doubt if I would have broken it but Pete can get one of these things on a plane, he raced us once from my dock to Steve's, about a half mile, and beat us. We were in *Chelsea* with a motor that'll do five knots. Unbreakable, my ass.

## TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON  
PORCELAIN ENAMELED  
WOOD BURNING  
HEATING & COOKING  
COMPACT

**NAVIGATOR  
STOVES**  
409 Double Hill Rd.  
East Sound, WA 98245  
(360) 376-5161



This is a Seagull motor, probably 50 years old. These British motors have a reputation of being good, dependable little motors. "The Best Outboard Motor for the World," so it says. The reason being that it says so right on the top of the thing. All of us who've actu-

## Helen Marie Still Unfinished?

By Dave Lucas



It seems that when I think I have the *Helen Marie* all finished I get an idea for how to make something better. I've never been happy with the generator heat. I've changed things a dozen times but was never happy 'til one night I had one of those three o'clock in the morning flashes. I made a box and put it up on the fantail. It just barely fit but it made it. Now when I fire it up all of the heat and sound blows out the back. It also makes a handy seat. The 2kw Honda generator is easy to get to for fuel and starting. It doesn't look bad.



This is looking under the counter across the aisle. Lots of stuff crammed in here. Microwave, icemaker, water bladder and air conditioner. The sink drain snakes down next to the pump for the sink and shower. When I was putting all the systems in I remember thinking that I would hate to ever have take them out again because all of the fits were so tight.

ally had to use these horrible little pieces of crap know better. They are really bad, don't start, don't run worth a damn and use massive amounts of oil. They are always covered in yucky black oil and grease that gets everything dirty. This one is going into the motor museum up in the rafters.

My storage yard is about full up with boats we don't use. When Laylah was here last month I had her count all the boats around the yard, she came up with 42. And that's all I have to say about that. When people ask me where to find a cheap used trailer I laugh and tell them we have about \$20,000 worth under all the boats out back. You'd think we would just lift them off onto blocks for the trailers. No, boat nuts don't think that way.

Nothing clears by more than 1/4". That didn't work out so well, I think I've taken everything out a couple of times but I had the ultimate challenge last week. I wasn't happy with the 5,000btu air conditioner that I had installed originally, it was a real cheap inefficient model and wouldn't cool the cabin down on hot days. I searched all over and came up with this GE super efficient 6,400btu beauty which uses less power than the smaller one did. However, it's 1" wider, 1" higher and 5" deeper than the other one which meant that everything you see here had to come out, sink and all. Then I came in with the sawzall, drills and grinder and made the biggest mess you ever saw but I got it in, cleared by 1/8". The curved hull almost got me when it got narrower at the back end. This one will cool the cabin down just fine. It'll drop it from 90° to 75° in about a half hour.



This is the refrigerator. It runs off ac or dc power and is really efficient. I have the temp set to 35° and it stays right there all the time. The porta potty is under the seat next to it. A lot of figuring went into getting everything into a 6' wide boat.



All of the exterior brightwork is slowly getting painted. No amount of work will keep the Florida sun from eating up anything I put on to keep the wood showing. House paint lasts forever so that's what it'll all be eventually.

# Museum John's Everglades Challenge Boat

By Dave Lucas

Every year crazy people head out on the Everglades Challenge, starting out up north in Tampa Bay south to Key Largo, 300 miles. This is called an expedition race because you're on your own. The idea is to see if you can make it all the way. Finishing is the goal, winning is secondary. There are kayaks, canoes, sailboats, paddleboards and all manner of what I'll just call crazy boats. The conditions are usually cold, windy and miserable. You can use pretty much any kind of boat you want as long as you can launch it from above the high tide line and handle it with just the crew on board. A surprising number actually finish in the eight day time period, probably 70-80% of the dozens of starters. You've got to be tough and resilient to do this.

After watching these guys for years and with absolutely no desire to do it myself, I wondered if I could build the perfect boat for this race. It turns out that Museum John of the Florida Maritime Museum had the same idea. He showed me a little decked sailing canoe from the late 1800s named *Neptune* that had sailed over from England and kicked a bunch of French ass.

We got all excited and I offered to sponsor and help build the thing if he'd design and sail it. As fate would have it, I already had an almost perfect mold to start with. Hugh Horton is a master sailing canoe designer and builder with a great canoe called a "Bufflehead," after a funky duck I suppose. A friend of Hugh's, Pat Ball, had a mold of this boat that he'd used to make a couple, and since it was just rotting away, he gave to me. John and I cut it in half, lengthened it 4' and covered it with 2" thick foam which also widened it by 4". We then glassed the hell out of it to make a bulletproof hull. The interior compartments are in and we're fooling with the deck and other things. It'll have two sails with bowsprit for a rolling jib and more.

The basic design parameters (from me) is to have a lightweight sailboat that will crash through 9' seas in a 30 knot gale while the crew is warm, dry and comfortable in the cockpit reading a book and sipping a beer. Here's what's come out so far, it's 19' long, 4' wide and weighs about 150lbs now and should be under 250lbs all up.



There'll be hatches in the sides.



The torpedo tube holds the bowsprit which is a duplicate mast just in case.

It's a nice snug fit but John can stretch out.



All foam and glass should be cozy.



It'll have two batwing sails, 100sf and 50sf.

Little top will keep him dry and warm, we hope.





As this current project develops, I keep rediscovering old truths. For one, there is a fine line between adequate preparation and good old fashioned worrywortism. I'm afraid I slid into the latter this past week or so. Last winter's injury and this spring's incomplete recovery have shown me some new personal physical limits. Probably there is a sense of symmetry in that sort of realization and working on a Bucket List project. Probably. But I think things got a bit muddled when I outfitted *Lady Bug*. Dithered over what motor to mount or not. Dithered over whether to rig her trailer for local or distant travel. Dithered over whether to stow overnight stuff in the cabin or just leave that stuff on the shelf. And so forth. Dithered and left the poor boat sitting in storage.

Then, to put a fine point on it, I dithered over whether I should re-re-redesign the mast raising system, so completely over thought as it is, to account for my new physical limitations. And, of course, there was the omnipresent question, "Can I even handle a half-yard and sheets with this mangled hand? Will I ever?" And so the internal dialog went until, one day I simply went over and hooked up the long suffering pocket cruiser, my erstwhile parapetetic friend, and took her down to the launch ramp. I slid her into the water here at Diamond Lake and hummed over to a borrowed slip in our HOA marina. Of course, I dithered the whole time about whether she'd be safe in that leeward pocket at the leeward end of the lake in our predictably windy late spring/early summer. But that's simply a normal seamanlike thing. Right?

Then, after an anxious afternoon and overnight of moderate lurching at her breast lines, spring lines and anchor set to windward, suddenly the mast was lowered and she was back on her trailer. Much like a boisterous five year old boy who is one minute rejoicing in the sandbox, the next being led by the hand to a time out chair. Neither boat, nor imaginary boy, have done anything particularly to warrant this. Somebody else just thought things would get out of hand, I suppose. And there you have it. I had become somewhat obsessed with the boat's well being over the fact that she is, in fact, a BOAT. And boats are supposed to be, well...

An ancient aphorism goes something like this, "A sailor belongs on a ship. A ship belongs at sea. For harbors rot both ships and sailors." Something like that. So back to that fundamental question. And yes, I still believe the proper answer is, "All of the above."

Fortunately for us, while much of the rest of the interior west is dry and on fire, we are experiencing a rainy spring and early summer. Drizzle interspersed with rain with periods of thunderstorms and then that soft, soaking mist that trees and bushes simply love. Not so good for open cockpit boats. At least, not so good for the people sitting in those cockpits for extended periods. But fortunate for this particular boat ditherer. Still time to get things arranged "properly."

Somehow, during all this extended waiting for summer, *Old Salt* has been gussied up and outfitted with two hopefully reliable motors of modest horsepower. *Shenani-gan* has been gussied up and outfitted with a proven reliable motor and in cabin steering of my own invention. Everybody is registered, licensed, inspected, tagged and sea trialed. Trailer tires, lights, hitches, tags, jacks, rollers and such have been dithered over. Yes, there is that small matter of several questionable wheel bearings.

## The Bucket List

By Dan Rogers

### Part 6



*Old Salt.*

But hey, time to get somebody in the water and underway. Just as soon as the sun comes out for more than a few minutes. Later this week, I think. I'll get back to you on that.

### Part 7

Lately it seems to me that many of the periodicals that come my way from both the mailbox and through the cyberpipe seem to be revisiting those ever popular questions concerning child rearing, marital partnerships and similar New Age musings. Call me an unreconstructed troglodyte male if you must, but I think having kids is just a whole lot like hatching a boat project. Just about all the real fun is in the accidental synergy of initial creation. Know what I mean?

Mississippi Bob Brown asked me, just this morning, if just maybe I already had "too many boats." He went on to laud his own parsimony with reductions in his own fleet down to perhaps what some of us would deem a non survivable rate. Something like three canoes and an under used sailboat. Can you imagine?

OK, so maybe I've become a Cheaper by the Dozen guy amid a neighborhood of only kids and even DINKs. The parallels continue. But I've got a Bucket List to attend to. I'll bet you do, too, so we should be gittin' to gittin'.

In one of those odd happenings that pass for normal life, I recently met the guy who sold us our current house on the hard. As things worked out he and his family sold this house to us and moved off to the hollers of Kentucky, hard by Kentucky and Barkley Lakes, exactly the places I think I want to make the focus of this particular project. Here I've been poring over cruising guides, stories of individual voyages and even the seductive photography of Google Earth to refine my plans. And, of course, to help figure out just which boat might be most suitable for this upcoming trip. Armchair voyaging with a purpose. I think.

Come to find out, Joe, the guy who used to have his name on the deed to our current plot of buildings and trees here in Almost Canada, has returned and bought another place just up the road from us. After spending a few years in what I figure to be a Promised Land for boatfolk, he's scuttled right back here, to Diamond Lake, Washington. If that don't beat all?

He has absolutely nothing particularly good to say about my target destination, neither geography, hydrology or demography. Wow So now what? Well, too early to give up on the project. So, I've been "auditioning" boats and combinations of boats and trailer and tow vehicles. Sort of like those days of

yesteryear when most of us turned out for team sports.

I, for one, never seemed to make the variety at hardly anything that required throwing, catching, hitting or split second timing. I did have a lot of heart and memorized plays and read up on techniques. But, like I said, I never seemed to get selected for a starting slot at anything. Lots and lots of bench time and maybe that makes me more sensitive to the same thing when selecting a road trip team of my own. Every boat in the fleet has been tested, repaired, messed with, and found needing something. So far. This is certainly the year for mechanical stuff to go south, it seems.

Both tow vehicles have absorbed expensive repairs. Deep cycle batteries and outboard motors seem to reach an expiration date all too regularly. But on I press. Here's the latest notion.

There's this gathering of messersabout every October at Lake Eufaula in east-central Oklahoma. I've been gonna go for several years now. Each time, as October rolls around, it simply gets too hard. Too far to drive, I don't have the "right" boat, it's gonna snow. Stuff like that. Meanwhile the excuses pile up. I hope this year will be different.

The Sail Oklahoma boating festival is only for a long weekend, less time than it takes to herd my truck and trailer from here to there. But there's all this never been there yet navigable water east of there. So the plan has congealed. Think of it as both a wonderful gathering, a valid destination and an excuse to get on with the program.

I've got Big Ole, my superannuated Chevy van (homeless wagon) with a new lease on transmission life. Ole is all set to pull a recently created tandem boat trailer that is what I'll call the Swiss Army knife of boating. So far *Shenani-gan*, the not quite a tugboat that resulted from pure imagination over this past winter, is in her third or fourth motor and steering method modification, but she looks like a leading candidate to ride spot #2 on that trailer. So far that makes a motorboat with a roof on the team.



*Shenani-gan.*

Also on that stretched and tormented EZ loader, is *Kokobot*, a modified and reconstituted 12' Livingston clone of a clone. *Kokobot* is still off and on the operating table again. But looks like this will be the sailing beach cruiser half of the combo. There is still the possibility that things will get completely out of hand and she will also sport a removable "tear drop trailer" sort of lookalike hardtop. This is still in the formative stages and may not make it to production. But it would at least help out in the Cute Boat department. As it is, *Shenani-gan* does OK for the lot of them. But it's a pretty cool idea. Maybe just not for this season.

First actual test of this legerdmain will come in mid August when Kim is gonna shuck his Southern California glamour and come here for part of a week of beach camping in North Idaho. A great venue for a test of concept and stuff like that.

Now I gotta decide which sail and rig and whether to add a motor in a well and if I should maybe paint the hull and... Heck, you're right, let's just get that trailer backed in to Priest Lake's crystal clear water and head to one of a couple hundred beach camping spots and... Well, you get the idea.

### Part 8

It's summer, here at Diamond Lake, Washington. Hotter 'n all getout actually. Yesterday, I was out "sailing" in 100° sunshine with occasional wind gusts to 3 knots or so. Today it could get even hotter. There IS a forecast for 5-8 knots out of the SW. Dunno. Maybe a good day for stick 'n string.

It's that time of year when all messersabout put paddle to puddle and float off blissfully. The dog days of summer, that most excellent time of year that we dream of while slogging through the dark, cold, endless chain of winter now so definitely long past.

Well, except for that bird we have around here. I suppose it's all over the place. Bird? The Yhabbutttt bird. They're out doing their mating calls this time of year. The female calls, "Honeydoooo, honeyDOO. Gettrdunnn. GetterDUNN." To which the male of the species gives a furtive, "Yeabhttttt, BOAT STUFF. Yeabhtttt boat st..." And so it goes until the poor male finally discovers he's been countermanded and dutifully flies off in search of nest building stuff.

I don't think they have Yhabbutttt birds in Florida. At least according to The Lucas they don't. Apparently males who were intelligent enough to build their nests in or about the fabled waterways adjacent to the World Renowned Tiki Hut get to do boat stuff every day of the year. As the raining, er reigning, Bard of Tampa is quick to point out, those of us mental deficients who choose to inhabit the dark forests stretching endlessly toward the polar wastes beyond 48° north latitude must limit our boat stuff to a few ethereal moments between melt and freeze up. He insists that this magic period only lasts for perhaps a week or two.

The fact of the matter is that Boating Season lasts for a goodly long while



Before 'n after of tandem boat trailer now stretched yet another 3', painted, carpentered, carpeted and more or less road ready.



and that very fact presents some rather significant horns to snag our near universal dilemma. The dilemma is pretty succinct actually. Should the otherwise self actuated boat person allow even a single day to slip from his or her grasp? Is it, in fact, a profligate waste of joy and all things holy and reasonable to allow "normal life" to intrude between the months of mmummbbblille and hmmmnnthhh? Or, as The Lucas insists, the Near Concurrent Incidents of Thaw and Freeze Up?

Maybe he's right, sort of. Should summer be kinda like Ramadan? That's when a large portion of humanity is enjoined from allowing nothing so prosaic as eating to get in the way of more pure pursuits. In boatspeak, that would probably include such impedementia as going to work, mowing the lawn or, dare I actually say it out loud, BUILDING BOATS? Hey. It's a real dilemma.



**SHAW & TENNEY**  
Orono, Maine

...the World's Finest Oars and Paddles, since 1858.

Handcrafted in Maine, used all over the world.

- Oars and Paddles
- Wooden Masts and Spars
- Bronze Rowing Hardware
- Adirondack Guide Boat Oars and Hardware
- Boat Hooks
- Handmade Brown Ash Pack Baskets and Creels
- Wooden Flagpoles

[www.shawandtenney.com](http://www.shawandtenney.com)

PO Box 213, Orono, Maine 04473 - 800-240-4867

**Columbia Trading Co.**  
Nautical Books & Artifacts

Free Mail Order Book Catalog • On-line Shopping  
Cape Cod Store Open Year 'Round

We Buy Maritime and Naval Book Collections

1022 Main St. (Route 6A), West Barnstable, MA 02668  
508-362-1500 • Fax: 508-362-1550  
info@columbiatradings.com

[www.columbiatradings.com](http://www.columbiatradings.com)

**SCMM**

ONLY \$19.95+  
\$4.95 S&H

small craft  
messabout movement

Neck & Ear Sun Protection + SCMM embroidery  
70 cotton/30 nylon • Water and stain-repellent DuPont™ Teflon® • Rayosan® treated to reflect UV (UPF 45+) Terry sweatband • Mesh lining • 3.75" Bill with dark undervisor to reduce glare • Cape with zipper pocket Lanyard & clip • Barrel lock on drawstring adjusts size  
Visit: [www.StitchNinjas.com/scmm](http://www.StitchNinjas.com/scmm)



Some say you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. But I say try it anyway. You might be surprised with what you come up with. I sure was.

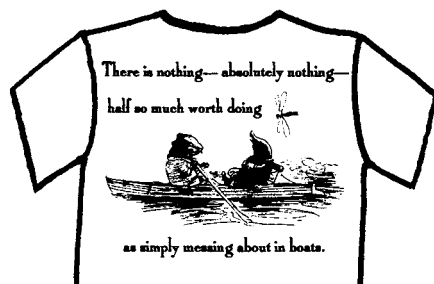
I bought this peapod four or five years ago. It sat on a Trailex trailer. It was the trailer that I really wanted for a different boat that I had restored. The peapod was in tough shape when I got it and I had no time to work on it, other boats needed attention. So it sat in the weather, gathering mildew and grime, until this past winter.

I had tried to determine who the builder and designer was. It was originally thought to be a Highliner Peapod. As it turns out it likely is not. Its dimensions and lack of a hull number leads me to believe it is of another builder manufacturer, possibly a prototype of a line of boats that didn't materialize, or it could have been a bare hull kit. I'll probably never know for sure. As of now it is a one of a kind custom peapod.

The boat originally was an open boat with a seat across the middle over a molded in daggerboard slot. There were seats in the bow and stern. The boat was used as a rowboat, never rigged to sail. It had a set of bronze oar locks and sockets and a pair of 8' ash oars. The oars were way too long for this boat.

I began the rebuild by attaching a couple of boards across the gunwales to hold its shape and then stripped off everything inside and out down to the bare hull alone. I flipped it over, sanded the outside, applied a couple coats UV epoxy and faired it smooth, then primer. I turned it right side up and began installing the bulkheads, air chambers and seats, then sanded and finished it with epoxy. Then flipped it back over and painted it, finished the sapele rub rail and installed a stainless metal band over that. Done! More or less.

She is 12'4"x4'9". I installed bulkheads and air chambers fore and aft to keep her floating in case of capsizing, which I have had a tendency to do. The center and side seats are mahogany. The seats on the bulkheads are meranti plywood, all coated with several coats of UV protected RAKA epoxy. It looks and shines like varnish but it is much harder and more scratch resistant and simple and easy to apply. It saves a lot of time. (I Learned all that that from Dave Lucas and the Tikki Hut Boatbuilders). The mast, unstayed, and sprit are home improvement store stock. It is remarkably light wood that works just



**Simply Messing About In Boats**  
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from  
*The Wind in the Willows*

*The Design Works*

toll free 877-637-7464

[www.messingabout.com](http://www.messingabout.com)

## Nameless in Cayuga

By Greg Grundtisch



fine and looks good with a dark stain and more of that UV epoxy.

The beautiful tanbark sail was made by Mr Stewart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails. It is an attention getter. I've had quite a few people ask me about it. A tanbark sail is not seen too much around here, and a sprit sail is rare here, too. I spend a lot of time talking to folks at the launch ramp and shoreline about it.



The maiden launch was on Cayuga Lake, one of Central New York's Finger Lakes. We chose that location because of the Finger Lakes Wooden Boat Show that was scheduled for that weekend. When I mentioned this to our friend Susan Gateley, she decided to meet us there and see the show, check out the little boat and have a gam. (Check out her latest book, *Legends and Lore of Lake Ontario*. You'll really enjoy it). The day of the test sail was cloudy and warm but the steady 12mph. wind was just right for a first time sail. The little boat handled just as expected and provided us with a lot of fun that day. There's something very special about messing about in little boats. It brings out the kid in you I guess.

The one minor problem was that the boat had not yet been named. We had been trying different names since the project started last fall, but nothing seemed to work with the little boat. We just stopped trying and went ahead and launched. No name, no champagne bottle smashed over the bow. We hoped that bypassing an official christening wouldn't bring about any bad luck.

Then, while walking along the dock with the little boat in tow by its bowline, Susan Gateley looked at it and said something to the effect of "it sure is a nice looking nameless little vessel." That's it! Problem solved. We'll simply call it *Nameless* and t'was ever thus. Some things have a way of working themselves out.

The winds were still good after lunch so we decided to have another sail. I took *Nameless* out for a brief sail and then Susan and Naomi took her out. I got to see what this cute little boat looked like under sail. It looked better than I ever imagined. I kept thinking of the old saying about a silk purse and a sow's ear. In this case it's not so valid. *Nameless* looks good.



The reason for rehabbing this boat was to see that it sails properly and sell it for a little pocket money. But after all that work over the winter and spring, it would be a shame not to enjoy it for a while. It is such a fun little boat that the sale will have to wait for a while. Maybe a long while. I might just sell that other boat and put *Nameless* back on her Trailex.

Finishing a boat serves two purposes, to protect her from the elements and to make her look good. It involves not just the application of paint, varnish and oil, but the preparation of all the surfaces to receive those products. The beauty and charm of these small boats is brought to the forefront by meticulous attention to little details, so time spent here is well rewarded. Throughout this process keep in mind the three keys to successful finish work; 1) meticulous preparation, 2) quality finishing products and 3) careful attention to all product instructions.

### The Tools

The preparation and finishing of a wooden boat require very few tools, most of the work being done by old fashioned elbow grease. I do almost all of my trimming and final fairing with plane, chisel, scraper and spokeshave. If their blades are kept sharp they will almost always out perform grinding tools and do so without all the noise and dust. Tools such as belt sanders and disc sanders are hard to control for this kind of detail work and plywood is especially vulnerable to aggressive sanding tools, so I generally avoid them. The one power tool that I use for smoothing jobs, up to the final hand sanding, is a quarter sheet orbital sander.

I generally use only three grades of sandpaper; #80 grit for fairing and sanding bare wood in preparation for finishing, #120 grit for nearly everything else including preparation for the first coats of paint or varnish and #180 grit for fine detailing and sanding between coats of paint or varnish. Just as keeping tools sharp makes woodworking go faster and easier, the same holds true with abrasives. Think of sandpaper as thousands of tiny blades glued to a backing. Since sandpaper cannot be sharpened, when it starts to get "dull," get a fresh piece.

For the application of paint and varnish use only the finest quality pure bristle brushes. They do a better job of applying and spreading finishes, they handle better and they last much longer than cheap brushes, especially if cleaned and stored properly. Cheap throw-away brushes are only acceptable for chores like spreading glue, oils and wood sealers. I do all the finishing on my boats with just a 2 1/2" brush and a 1 1/2" brush. I prefer angled ends because they work better for getting into tight areas and cutting in edges. If the budget allows, buy two of each so when working with several paint colors the brushes don't have to be continually cleaned.

**Note:** Apply paint at a slight angle to the wood grain to help fill any imperfections, then finish by brushing with the grain, the final brush stroke pulling the fresh paint into the previous strokes.

### Preparation

Start the finish preparation by trimming the frame heads flush with the inwales and gunwales. Here care needs to be taken that the frame ends are not spilt by too aggressive sawing and planing. With a sharp plane, fair the sheer until it is a continuous sweet line, sighting from various viewpoints to make sure there are no humps or hollows. The sheer always runs to the outside corner of the transom, and the top of the transom at the outboard ends is usually trimmed to match the sheer, then rolled in a smooth sweep to 90° at the center. Next, trim and fair the stem, transom and all the interior joinery. These elements all add to the eye appeal and are areas where a little creative detailing can be done.

## Finishing

By Warren Jordan  
Jordan Wood Boats  
www.jordanwoodboats.com

After all the woodwork has been trimmed and faired to suit, drive glued wood plugs (made with the plug cutter that matches the countersink bit) into all counterbored screw holes, then shave them off flush with the surface using a sharp chisel. All surfaces to be painted need to have fastener holes, surface imperfections and blemishes filled with a good hard setting marine grade surfacing putty. With orbital and hand sanding, smooth all surfaces in preparation for the finish.

### Finishing Products

I use good quality marine oil based paints and varnishes for all my boats. I avoid the more toxic, high tech products mainly for health reasons, but also because of the added expense. For boats that can be stored out of the weather or under cover when not in use, I've found the traditional finishes work just fine.

Some builders finish their boats with standard house paints, but these products are not formulated to protect against the hostile environment that boats are subjected to, including abrasion, flexing, continuous immersion, shrinking and swelling, etc. Finishing products are a relatively small part of the overall materials budget so, in my opinion, the money saved just isn't worth it.

Regardless of the finish products used, consult the labels to determine the thinners required and their mix ratios.

### Finishing Plywood Boats Traditional Oil Based Finish

For boats that can be stored under cover the following traditional finishing system can be used:

- 1) Fill all nail and screw holes and surface imperfections with a hard setting putty. When dry, sand smooth, avoiding excessive sanding of plywood surfaces.
- 2) Apply one coat of plywood sealer. When dry, sand lightly, OR soak all surfaces with linseed oil thinned about 20% with turpentine. Allow to dry thoroughly before applying paint.
- 3) Apply a coat of primer undercoater. Sand smooth. Repeat this step with as many coats as required to conceal the grain and obtain a smooth surface, sanding between coats.
- 4) Apply two coats of marine enamel, sanding between.

### Non Traditional Options

There are other surface coatings available for use on plywood boats but, since I don't normally use them, I only mention them in passing and suggest consulting the appropriate literature for details. A good source of information is the product label. It will include application instructions as well as safety guidelines and the manufacturer's contact information.

### Fiberglass

If a plywood boat will be subject to hard use fiberglass either the whole bottom or just the chine corners and plywood butt joints.

### Epoxy Encapsulation

For maximum protection and durability for plywood boats stored outside with-

out cover, some builders paint all surfaces with three coats of epoxy. This process is expensive and messy and can be hazardous to health, so if epoxy encapsulation is to be used be sure to follow all product directions carefully and wear appropriate protection.

### Finishing Lapstrake Boats

For traditional lapstrake boats the sequence is somewhat different than that for plywood boats to accommodate the framing process. Assuming the boat is to be painted inside and out and the boat is in the upright position:

- 1) Fill all imperfections with a hard setting putty. When dry, sand smooth.
  - 2) Apply two coats of primer undercoater, sanding between.
  - 3) Install frames.
  - 4) Apply two coats of primer undercoater to frames, sanding between.
  - 5) Turn boat over.
  - 6) Plug and putty the outside. When dry, sand smooth.
  - 7) Apply two coats of primer undercoater to the outside, sanding between.
  - 8) Apply two coats of finish enamel inside and out, sanding between.
- Note:** Never use epoxy coatings on traditionally planked boats, they just aren't compatible with this type of construction.

### Varnish

A varnish finish is a beautiful way to show off handiwork but it is a very demanding finish. Varnish is tricky to apply properly and is high maintenance. Everything shows through the finish so all woodwork and fastenings must be done perfectly, with no blemishes. If a bright finish is desired but all the headaches are intimidating, consider just varnishing some of the accent pieces such as the sheer strake or transom. Here are some varnishing guidelines:

- Use only a high quality UV resistant product.
- Stir gently and don't make bubbles.
- Cleanliness is vitally important. Every particle of dust mars the smoothness of the varnish.
- After sweeping allow plenty of time for dust to settle.
- No cross breezes allowed. When working outdoors there should be no wind.
- Use of a tack cloth is essential before the final coat.
- Clean brushes are a must.
- Always sand with the grain.
- Varnish is sensitive to temperature and air moisture, so apply early enough in the day to dry.

### Oil

An oil finish is often a good choice for the inside of traditional boats and for spars. It is relatively easy to apply and an occasional recoat is all the maintenance required. However, careful preparation of all surfaces is still required to achieve the best finish. There are a number of synthetic oil finishes on the market, but my favorite is this simple homemade concoction: 2 parts linseed oil, 1 part turpentine, 1 pint marine varnish to each mixed gallon (acts as hardener and UV inhibitor).

**Note:** Linseed oil soaked rags are subject to spontaneous combustion. To avoid fire hazard, promptly burn them or discard them in a water filled container.

**Note:** When oiling the inside of a traditional lapstrake boat the planking needs to be undercoated on the outside first because oil will bleed through and make adhesion of the paint difficult.

Well, the March cleanup of the summer house went well, but after we returned, I couldn't find my handheld GPS. Sarah and I couldn't just bop up and retrieve it, the house is 500 miles away. It was looking like our summer sailing on the Chesapeake would be sans GPS. Which didn't mean I'd sail off the edge accidentally, we've been sailing the Chesapeake together since before we were married. It did mean that we might be a "mite confused" about our location more often than we had gotten used to. There are several points on the Chesapeake with vital aids to navigation that are remarkably hard to spot. Those various "stealth buoys" would resume the stealthy status they had back when we first started sailing. (Well, they would be a little less stealthy, remember the "high visibility black" that cans were painted?). It also meant we wouldn't have the heady knowledge that our exhilarating reach was really over 7 knots or that we couldn't refer at the end of the trip to see our highest speed or miles covered.

I started looking around at alternatives. When a summer capsized in a smaller boat had washed our first handheld GPS out to sea, we had quickly bought a second unit, but this loss was different, we KNEW where this one was, it was just 500 miles away!

Walmart came to the rescue. They offered a refurbished Samsung Galaxy Tab 2 7" tablet for \$149 with free local store delivery. I'd been playing with a borrowed 10" Samsung tablet, so I had passed the first "What does this do?" stages. The crucial question was whether this tablet had a GPS. I carefully read the specs but found nothing. After more digging, it turned out that, in fact, it did. It was assumed that of course GPS was built in. Silly me. Things started falling into place. I would need extra memory for charts. Walmart had that, too, offering a 32 gig flash memory chip for around \$20. I would want a waterproof case, too, Walmart didn't have that but our local REI store did, for around \$10.

I was going to need a navigational app. There were a number of nautical navigation packages available at moderate cost. A survey article, "5 Android Apps for Boat Charts and Navigation," at About.com-Sailing, mentioned five candidates. I settled on a title not mentioned in the article, Marine Navigator. It offered the ability to use the free NOAA charts as well as to import my waypoint and route library from my GPS backup files.

Once I took delivery, another problem arose. If this was going to be on deck and lit up all day, its batteries weren't going to be able to power it. Fortunately, the Samsung uses a combination data and power cord with a universal USB plug. Harbor Freight offered a \$6 12v to USB power supply that would supply all the electricity I would need, as a bonus, it would operate in my car as well.

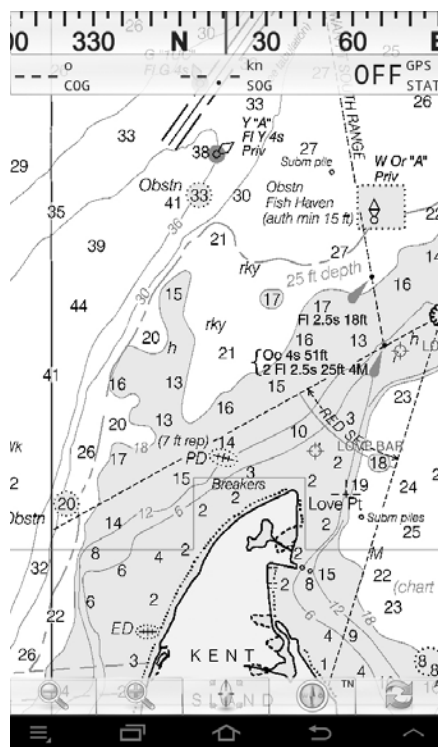
### Learning

In spite of my experience with the larger tablet, the learning curve was long and steep. At each step a new need arose, usually addressed by another "app." Was the GPS circuit receiving a good GPS signal? There's an app for that. How good is the magnetic compass sensor? There's an app for that.

I used Marine Navigator's built-in chart loading function and selected the (free) NOAA charts I would need. Having all charts for the East Coast seemed about right. Those were downloaded and then processed for quick access by the program. (The process-

## The \$200 Nav Station

By Mark Fisher



ing took several hours.) I tried the various functions out on land. In action, it's useful to quickly move from function to function, that takes familiarity with the program and the shifting options that are available in various program states. The program is able to import routes. I tried that function and discovered that ALL my routes had been concatenated into one gigantic rat's nest! Well, better to find this out on land. I separately saved each route as a separate GPX file and imported them with little fuss.

### In Use

Here we are, exploring a new anchorage at the end of a day. Out comes the tablet, a tap of a button, a swipe across the screen, and there it is, a little boat outline drawn on the image of a real NOAA chart! Helpfully, a dotted heading line is drawn out from the boat's position. An active route is drawn in as well. Especially in unmarked back creeks, having an overview of where I am at the moment is very helpful.

However, it isn't a \$1,200 nautical chart plotter. Most critically, it isn't waterproof, the REI rain jacket is helpful but it is awkward. Keeping the power cord attached means it isn't even waterproof in the jacket. A stray shot of salt water in through the open connector plug would change it from a magic filled window to a slippery lump of plastic and glass.

Secondly, it isn't sunlight readable. It was designed to operate indoors. In that environment, or at night, it is totally functional. In full sunlight, however, it doesn't do so well. Add to that the rain jacket, the extra layer of plastic also introduces TWO more surfaces to collect dust and reflections. This makes the already non-sunlight readable display almost totally invisible. In addition, leaving the unit

on uses a lot of power. The 12v USB power supply can keep up but the other side of power usage is heat. The unit, with backlight on at full power and sitting in the sun, can get quite toasty. I've even had it shut down due to overheating.

The touch screen, too, is a "two edged sword." Panning and zooming is intuitive but control touches are at times unpredictable, either they are ignored, leaving the user pressing aimlessly on the screen waiting for a response, or they are too sensitive, switching the screen several times while the user is innocently trying to do something completely different.

I originally intended to mount it in place of the handheld GPS mount I had carved to hold my regular GPS, but between visibility and heat concerns I've decided to leave it as a "rover," sitting in whatever shaded corner of the cockpit is convenient.

On the other hand, after the handheld GPS was found (it had never been left behind after all!), we were not anxious to retire the tablet. It has a number of advantages over the Garmin handheld. We had always been frustrated by the microscopic icons and symbols used by the Garmin. I joked that its screen had been developed by a programmer on a 24" monitor and casually scaled down to a 1 3/4" screen. The tablet's 7" screen was fully adequate for vision challenged seniors checking details on the chart, and the ability to switch between charts and scales as needed made it a useful supplement for the more weatherly and sunlight readable handheld. The touch feature is intuitive and positive for many navigational functions, even habit forming, leaving me swiping unsuccessfully on the Garmin's non-touch enabled screen.

The Marine Navigator program has a few weaknesses as well. For some as yet undefined reason, it drops and resumes logging at irregular intervals. The waypoints used by its routes are numbered, not named, making quick reference to the chart awkward. Unsurprisingly, it does not offer the range of navigational support screens that Garmin has evolved over years of development. Its core, however, the ability to put that little boat symbol in the correct place on the correct chart, is 100% functional.

### Over Time

I've given up on the plastic envelope, using instead the naugahyde magnet case I use off the boat. Only one problem, it turns out that one should not trust a magnetic compass that is being held in a magnet case! For the few functions that use the compass sensor, I need to shuck the case off, but the screen is 300% more legible in the naugahyde rather than the vinyl raincoat. In addition, I've learned to cut back on its power consumption. I've realized that the Samsung has a very effective "idle" mode, just touching a button cuts power consumption 50%. Also, when not in wifi or GPS modes, remembering to turn those functions off stretches the battery life.

### Lagniappe

In addition to being a fairly good chart plotter, the tablet has as many different sensors as a 1960s era ICBM; clock, orientation (pitch and roll), accelerometers (three axis) and magnetic compass. These sensors are put to work by an astonishing variety of apps. One function that was totally unexpected was Google's Sky Map. This uses the loca-

tion and orientation sensors to coordinate and align a full sphere sky map representing space around earth. Merely holding it up as though taking a picture turns the screen into an annotated window of the stars above.

Another basic and commonly used function is land navigation. There are many more of these programs on offer than nautical navigation titles. One of the basic elements of the Android OS is Google's Maps program and its turn by turn guidance. The catch is that it expects an internet connection while it is doing its guidance. The tablet I bought is wifi enabled only, I get internet support only when in range of a friendly wifi provider. That works at home or at work, but on the road I'm on my own.

The Desnav program, however, operates offline, synthesizing instructions based on a locally stored map and providing audio guidance. Along with the appropriate maps, I have three choices of spoken English guidance; a chipper American woman, Colin, a masterful British English speaker and Indra, an earnest Anglo Indian voice.

Off the navigational clock it begins its second life, the one that most folks use all the time, as an entertainment center. With 5 gigs of music and talking books from Librivox.org, we have all the external stimulation we can use. I have been reading electronic library books through Aldikio and archive.org. There are innumerable free scanned ebooks

available from past generations of writers. Recently, I've enjoyed Edward Thomas and W.H. Hudson, nature writers from ~1910.

### Conclusion

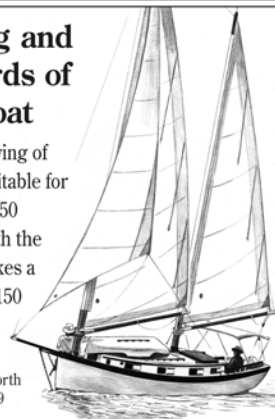
If I was in the market for a \$1,200 dollar nav station, I would consider buying one of the armored, sunlight readable tablets instead. Its navigational performance would be first rate, and the full range of 21st century electronic potential would be available from within the same unit. Why not have it all? But my needs are more modest and this \$200 set-up fills the bill just fine.

### Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! ~\$150

Scott Baldwin  
Box 884 Killingworth  
Connecticut 06419

See web page: [www.baldwinstudio.us](http://www.baldwinstudio.us)



*It's about time*

*Join Us*

**Kayaksailor.com**

Kivria LLC PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262



"Arethusa"

N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25  
Built in 1996



"Edith"

L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante  
Built in 1995



"Olympus"  
Dick Newick designed for the 1980  
singlehanded Transatlantic  
Built in 1979

**DAMIAN McLAUGHLIN JR.**  
**BOATBUILDER**  
Custom Boats and Yachts Since 1970

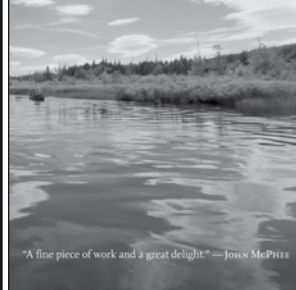
DAMIAN McLAUGHLIN JR.  
P.O. Box 538  
North Falmouth  
Massachusetts 02556  
508-563-3075  
CORPORATION

Wood Construction and Restoration to 40'  
Visit our new website: [www.dmcboats.com](http://www.dmcboats.com)

### AN ADIRONDACK PASSAGE

Christine Jerome

The Cruise of the Canoe *Sairy Gamp*



"A fine piece of work and a great delight." —JOHN MCPHEE

**"A fine piece of work and a great delight."**  
—John McPhee

**"An enchanting record of a canoe trip."**  
—*The New Yorker*

Christine Jerome follows the route taken in 1883 by journalist and outdoorsman "Nessmuk" (George Washington Sears) in his 9-foot, 10½-lb canoe, the *Sairy Gamp*, 266 miles through the central

Adirondacks. A rich, eloquent narrative that weaves Nessmuk's story with Jerome's and intersperses Adirondack cultural and natural history.

- An Adirondack Passage is 320 pages, paperback, \$14.00
- MoonWind at Large, by Matthew Goldman, \$14.95
- The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14.00
- Boatbuilding for Beginners, by Jim Michalak, \$24.95
- Small Boats on Green Waters, by Brian Anderson, \$15.00
- Flotsam and Jetsam, by Robb White, \$19.95
- Lapstrake Canoes, by David Nichols, \$21.95
- Hell's Half Mile, by Michael Engelhard, \$15.00

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES AND AS AN E-BOOK (KINDLE OR NOOK)

TO ORDER DIRECTLY, MAIL A CHECK TO  
**BREAKAWAY BOOKS**; P.O. BOX 24; HALCOTTVILLE, NY 12438  
FREE SHIPPING IF YOU SAY YOU READ MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS!



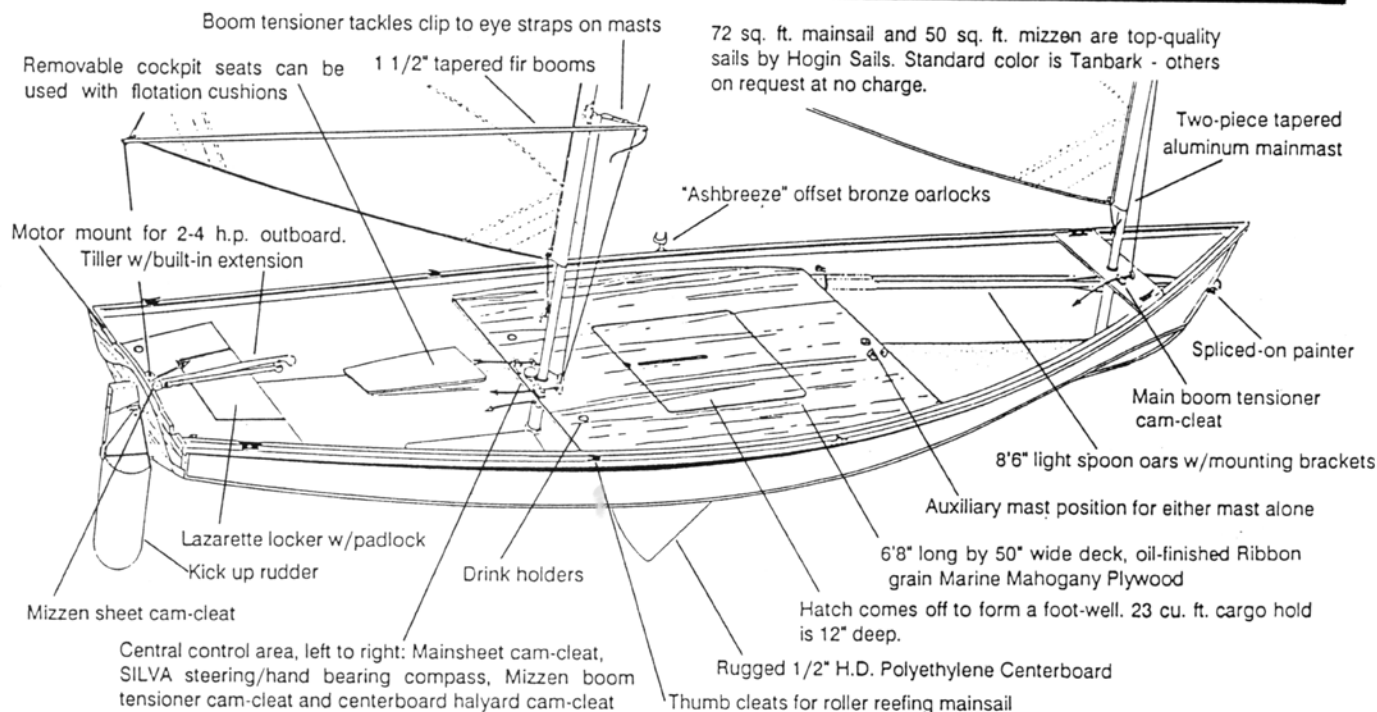
25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

# - NAVIGATOR - 20' Cruising Dinghy

The most unique boat I saw at the Small Boat Show in May at Newport (see July 1, 1988 issue of "Boats") was Steve Wilce's "Navigator" 20' cruising dinghy. It appeared to be akin to a sharpie in type with hard chines and narrow beam. But it was the material from which it was constructed that set it apart. The "Kydex" thermoplastic

planking is an airliner interior material and it sandwiches between two layers expanded polystyrene foam. Wilce bends these thick panels onto his building molds like ordinary planking, but ends up with a very light hull that also has exceptional flotation and insulation characteristics. Rather than try to elaborate on the details of

how this results in a 20' sailboat with a structural hull weight of only 180 pounds, I'm reprinting Steve's detailed discussion of his design concept as food for thought. If you'd like all of the information on the line of boats Steve Wilce builds in this method, contact him at P.O. Box 962, Winters, CA 95694.



Design work on Navigator began in the fall of 1982, and the prototype was completed early the following year. It was influenced by cruises my wife and I had taken in our 16-foot sharpie *Seal*, which was the first successful vessel in what was to become the *SEALIGHT* method of construction. We cruised for two weeks in Washington's San Juan Islands in 1980. The *Seal* was delightful for a couple cruising with relatively light and simple gear, and the small scale of the boat was essential to the way she worked. In Navigator I wanted to double the carrying capacity while restricting the scale to retain the essentials of *Seal*'s handiness.

I decided against a larger sharpie because I wanted a very streamlined entrance for good wave penetration. *SEALIGHT* planks can be tortured into compound shapes pretty readily, so I drew the V-bottom hull I wanted without regard for developable surfaces, and was able to plank the boat as drawn.

The prototype 1983 Navigator is still my family boat, cruised from Mexico to Canada with Lee and me and our two young boys. Virtually every detail of her construction has been modified in her successors, and the hull shape has had two revisions. She is an evolutionary as well as revolutionary design.

## Safety and Performance

Performance is often seen to be the foe of safety. When performance demands brittle and complicated machinery, or hulls which optimize speed in flat water, it does make boats unfit for cruising, but in Navigator's design certain aspects of performance were considered essential for safety.

A fundamental element in small boat safety is to be able to keep moving in difficult conditions so that a safe haven can be reached. Navigator has taken her proportions from traditional light boats in which this ability is proven, such as Viking boats and 19th century whaleboats. She is slender and double-ended on the waterline, with a fine entrance and generous sheer and flare for reserve buoyancy. Her freeboard is low enough that man-overboard recovery isn't difficult, as it can be in many small boats and yachts. She sacrifices initial stability for good directional control, gentle riding properties and the ability to negotiate wave crests without getting stopped. She has a rig that is easy to reef and highly efficient when reefed. Finally, she accepts two to four horsepower outboards without apology; her transom was purposefully made wide enough to allow offset mounting without removing the rudder. It's quite easy to take Navigator's rig down at sea - the mainmast



and sail weigh only 16 pounds - and with the rig stowed she can power upwind in conditions that will stop nearly any sailboat. Navigator's easily driven hull gives her speed even with her small rig.

As a demonstration of easy driving, consider that a two horsepower outboard will push a *Wayfarer* dinghy (with about the same displacement as Navigator) to four knots. The same engine will get six knots out of Navigator. Her "hull speed" of five and one half knots, based on 1.34 times the square root of her 18-foot waterline, has little relevance. It takes a speed of eight knots or so to give her a powerful-looking wake.

Navigator's rig uses bermuda spritsails, that is three-sided (bermuda) sails with sprit-booms. Sprit (like in bowsprit) booms are like wishbone booms except that they're straight and are a single stick unlike the two halves of a wishbone. In Navigator they are tapered fir poles with a slot in each end, weighing about 2 1/2 pounds each. They do ride against the sail when on the lee side, but at the scale of Navigator this causes neither chafe nor any noticeable change in performance. The boom is controlled by a three-part tackle that clips to an eye strap on the mast. The line from the tackle drops down to a turning eye and a cam-cleat, and then runs back to the helm. By adjusting the tension in these tackles the helmsman can instantaneously vary the sail shape from a big soft blooper to flat-as-a-board, and do so independently of the sheet tension or position.

Besides its performance benefits, the bermuda spritsail has two important safety features. The first is obvious - one isn't likely to get hit by the boom. More subtle is the effect of the rig on the boat's capsize resistance. Because the sail shape is controlled independently of the sheet, bermuda spritsails have the lowest sheet tensions of any rig, and their sheeting geometry is the simplest.

The sheet runs from the sail through a central deadeye to a cam-cleat. A top-quality Harken 200 cleat assures that the sheet can be instantly released. There are no blocks or travelers in the system, and the sheeting action is extremely fast and positive. Even broad hulls that seem rock-solid at dockside can flip if their sheets can't be released quickly, and the multi-part mainsheets common on sloops are relatively slow-acting and prone to jam. Also, if the sloop's mainsail is eased, the sheeted-down jib creates a lee helm condition that keeps the boat beam-on to the wind, but when Navigator's main is eased the mizzen helps her point into the gust and ride it out.

Practical capsize resistance is complex and influenced by many variables, but all boats must deal somehow with the possibility and consequences of capsize. Small powerboats must meet a standard of flotation set by the Coast Guard that requires them to float level, albeit awash, and to support the weight of their crews. The rate of boating fatalities has been halved since this standard was adopted. No flotation is required for sailboats, but if the powerboat standard were applied to Navigator she would have nearly three times the needed amount of reserve buoyancy. This raises her above "level flotation" (swamped, not drowning, waiting for rescue) to a "self-rescuing" standard where the boat floats high enough to be bailed.

Flotation systems must do more than simply supply x-amount of buoyant material. The boat must be kept in trim, and must have a measure of stability while avoiding a sta-

ble inverted position that would make it hard to right. Racing dinghies usually have well designed flotation. Racers expect to flip occasionally and will pay for flotation that works. A cruising dinghy might never capsize in her lifetime, so that good flotation is hard to sell. As a result cruising boat flotation is often added at minimum cost, and its actual performance is difficult to determine short of testing. Navigator and all other *SEALIGHT* boats have an unequivocal standard of self-rescuing flotation built into their hull structure. Air tanks and inflatable air bags will "most likely" work if properly designed and maintained. *SEALIGHT* flotation will always work, period. Modern techniques in wood and fiberglass boatbuilding can produce hulls as light as Navigator's, but only *SEALIGHT* can deliver lightweight boats with her uncompromising standard of reliability.

A reliable flotation system can do more than save one's life in an emergency. It can inspire a level of confidence that can help a boat's crew avoid panic in a tight spot. For those with reservations about sailing it can be the psychological underpinning that allows one to enjoy being in a boat.

### Trailing, Setting Up and Handling

Designers of cruising boats should avoid a highly ideological approach, remembering that their creations will likely get more use as daysailers than as cruisers. A successful daysailer, one that gets used a lot, makes itself attractive to use both by positive features of good performance and versatility and by elimination of negative aspects of trailering and setting up.

If one's tow vehicle is a V-8 sedan or truck any small boat can easily be trailered, but if it's a four-cylinder compact the towing capacity may be marginal. Boats that weigh about 600 pounds are often advertised as being trailerable by small cars, and it's true that the boat, trailer and a little gear can manage to get under the 1000 pound towing limit that compacts usually have. But towing this weight severely compromises every aspect of the car's performance and greatly accelerates wear on the drive train. It can be done, but it seldom feels comfortable. Navigator weighs 335 pounds rigged, and her custom *Trailax* aluminum trailer weighs 110. The towing weight of 445 pounds leaves plenty of gear carrying capacity without pushing the car's limits. The tongue weight is 35 pounds, so the boat and trailer are easy to move by hand when needed. Whether one is considering a 2000-mile tow for a summer cruise or a short hop for an afternoon sail, Navigator's easy towing properties encourage her use.

When trailering, Navigator's masts ride in cradles along her centerline where they can be used to support the optional boat cover. The unstayed aluminum masts taper from a 2" diameter by .25" wall thickness at the partner to 1.75" by .058" at the top, and the heaviest weighs 16 pounds with sail. The principal purpose of the taper is to control the mast bend so the sail sets properly, but it also gives a low center of gravity that makes the mast easy to step. Both masts step in plastic tubes and so are self-aligning.

The next step in setting up is to run the two sheets and boom tackles through their deadeyes. The sails are roller furling, so they are already on the rotating masts. Tie a sheet to a sail, and give a pull to unroll a few feet. Put the slot at the end of the boom into the loop at the sail clew, and finish unrolling the sail with a quick push on the boom.

Snap the boom tackle to the eye strap on the mast, and slip the tackle into the slot in the front end of the boom. Tension the tackle at the cam-cleat, and that sail is ready to use.

Navigator's 122 square foot cat-ketch rig can be reefed to 92, 72 or 50 square feet. All the reefs are easy to do; they are simply variations of the sail setting and furling operations that one routinely practices when setting up the boat. Small boat crews sometimes fail to reef when they should because the reefing procedure gets little practice and is intimidating. Navigator's system is designed to address this problem.

To reef single-handed, heave-to by slacking the mainsheet, setting the mizzen as for a reach and fixing the tiller amidships. Slack the main boom tension and unclip the boom tackle from the mast. A pull on the boom will release it from the sail which need not be brought inboard. The beauty of roller furling is that the sail need not be handled at all; just rotate the mast and the most wildly flogging sail is easily brought under control. To make the first reef, rotate five turns and cleat the line provided on the downhaul cleat to prevent further rotation. Pass the mainsheet around the leeward of the two thumb cleats provided to give the proper sheet lead, and sail the now schooner-rigged boat without the main boom. The other two reefs are done by taking down both masts and stepping either one in the center position. To yachtsmen the idea of taking down a rig at sea is shocking, but at Navigator's scale it is neither difficult nor dangerous. The unused mast stows neatly alongside the centerboard with the top passing through the footwell cutout and the bottom end forward. The stowed mainmast sticks out about two feet like a little bowsprit. The cat-rig with its aero-dynamically clean luff-sleeve sail is very efficient; there is no section of exposed mast producing drag without lift.

There are six sailing controls on Navigator. The two sheets position the sails relative to the hull and the two boom tackles control their camber or fullness. The centerboard halyard determines the size and position of the lateral plane, and the tiller steers the boat. All controls are accessible anywhere in the cockpit, so the helmsman has a wide choice of seating positions. To tack when close-hauled put the helm gently to lee, that's all. To tack from a reach, release the tiller and smartly sheet in the mizzen. Navigator's small sails are easy to jibe and the sheets are arranged to be out of the way of the crew.

### Accommodation

Navigator can be sailed alone, or daysail six adults in comfort. She can cruise with four adults or any combination of adults, kids and gear up to 900 pounds, which is a safe load to carry in any condition. Her weight breakdown in pounds is as follows:

Complete Structural Hull	180
Furniture (seats, centerboard, etc.)	<u>100</u>
For a minimum weight of:	280
Rig, Oars, Rudder, etc.	<u>55</u>
For a boat weight of:	335
Allowable Load	<u>150 to 900</u>
For a displacement range of:	485 to 1235
Displacement/Length Range	37 to 95
Sail Area/Displacement Range	7 to 32

Wilderness cruising is the particular use for which Navigator is designed. She emphasizes contact with the shore and shore camping, but also has a large central sleeping

flat on which a small dome tent can be set up. A built-in folding tent, incorporating a spray dodger that can be used while sailing, is available as an option.

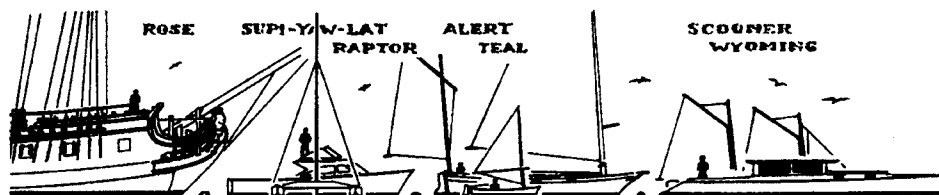
The type of shore camp that Navigator can carry, with large tents and folding furniture, offers space and privacy. There are two special requirements for shore camping boats. The first is that the camping gear be easily accessible, so Navigator has a large central hold that both contains the gear at sea and makes it easy to get at on the beach. Compare Navigator's carefully designed storage system with that of any other boat. The second requirement is good beach handling; the boat must be light enough to be gotten clear of the water. A shore camper with his boat anchored out is in an equivocal position. He may have anchored in three feet of calm water, but a change in weather can put his boat in breaking surf. In a proper yacht there's a clear answer when an anchorage turns bad: get out to sea. The answer is just as clear with a camp-cruising yacht: get out of the sea. There is no middle ground in this question, and good beach handling demands that the boat be light for both safety and convenience.

I routinely leave Navigator high and dry at night. When unloaded at the campsite, she usually has about 100 pounds of "stuff" left aboard, so weighs about 430 pounds. At this weight, using two inflatable rollers, I can single-handedly push her up a moderate beach in a few minutes. Many times I've woken in the night to sounds of crashing surf, with an undertone of people on yachts cussing and scrambling about, but no scrambling or cussing was required of me.

Another aspect of accommodation is seating comfort. Even large yachts sometimes have no provision for this basic amenity: a well designed place to sit comfortably with good back support, such as Navigator's cockpit seats. The superinsulated *SEALIGHT* hull also contribute to comfort. An uninsulated hull loses a great deal of heat through its bottom. One need not be actually in the water to feel its effect. The practical success of the "Boston Whaler" type of double-hulled fiberglass boat, which has insulation and flotation properties similar to *SEALIGHT*, is due in part to the beneficial effect of insulation on crew fatigue.

Navigator's versatility adds to the pleasure of cruising. She may be a humble yacht, but I've seldom seen a yacht's dinghy that was a patch on her. A fast and spacious daysailer, she'll also take a 12-year old on a solitary rowing tour of the harbor, or explore a shoreline with the silent maneuverability of oar power. On a still afternoon you can motor to the mainland for shopping and ice cream bars.

Navigator's practical and aesthetic advantages as a wilderness cruiser come at the cost of a permanent interior space. We realize that the bide-a-wee-home charm of a yacht's interior is central to the dreams of many. But if the alternative to a proper yacht that doesn't fit your budget is not to own any boat, then you should consider a vessel like Navigator, as she will give you first-hand experience of the sea that will be of great value when you eventually find your dream ship. If you own or have owned a yacht, and have gotten it out of your system somewhat, you are a prime candidate for Navigator ownership: one who has decided to take the labor and expense out of cruising and concentrate on the fun.



**PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC**  
**BOAT DESIGNERS**  
**PO BOX 1209**  
**GLOUCESTER, MA 01930**  
**FAX 978-282-1349**

Cruising long distances necessitates carrying adequate water and food supplies, tools, spares and the usual assortment of cruising boat related hardware, plus personal belongings, clothes, etc. Beyond her significant water and fuel load, AS-40 can accommodate a sufficient amount of such gear mostly in the area under her bridge deck. At 25" draft she would displace 27,600lbs or 12.3 long tons.

Two hundred gallons of gasoline in two narrow tall tanks amidships: Under power, at least, she should be able to maintain a 150 mile per day schedule. Episodes of motor-sailing can be sensible, safer and will extend gasoline range beyond that under power only, apart from likely easing her motion. If necessary for a particular purpose, adding substantial additional tankage via fuel bladders in her hold is readily conceivable, not to mention that any relative overload is temporary by definition.

3,900+ah @ 12v of batteries serving as part of her ballast via two battery banks (2x 12v/1,958ah): They are of enough capacity (almost 4,000ah, i.e., up to 1,900ah useable for up to 1,500 total cycles!) to go, eating 1-1.5kw/day, for up to two weeks between charging cycles, i.e., at a pessimistic 50 cycles per year offering up to 15-20 years viability of these industrial batteries, plus boost from 5x75w solar panels and windmill. The tall and narrow batteries weigh well over one-and-one-half tons, and, together with the thick bottom, complement the dedicated ballast.

Ninety-three gallons of fresh water matched by 92 gallons of holding tanks: This relatively moderate capacity can be pushed into the hold volume to match greater personal needs and significantly enhanced relative autonomy.

Ample ground tackle: AS-40 carries her anchors on massive catheads on her bow but chain and rode in a compartments under the bridge to lighten the bow of that significant load and to reduce the physical hazards of trying to forcefully handle the gear on a moving narrow foredeck. Anchors and drogues are handled from the bridge inside or standing hip high in the forward hatch.

Her silhouette windage characteristics are good for steady riding to anchor or drogue, better yet with the mainmast folded. In fact, we think that her anchors dropped into deep still water levels, with perhaps some added weight yet, may well be superior to many drogues. She should carry 45 and 60 pounders for her regular bower anchors with a 75lb hurricane anchor stowed below.

The catheads should allow any type of anchor to be used, including "yachtsman" stocked anchors which may still be best on certain types of bottom. With a 40lb+ Danforth type stern anchor shown recessed in her starboard aft quarter, the rode would run off either the starboard corner on a single line or an equalizing bridle off both transom corners.

Riverine power cruising would suggest a fast acting, stout and high stretch stern

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Two Some Long Range Periauger Part 2

brake, for heading downstream under power would seem advisable for control should power fail or sudden hazards impossible to evade by rudder action alone.

A wide hold near amidships with well over 130cf of volume.

#### A Few Simple Systems for Maximum Reliability at Sea

The proposed engine is a 50/60hp Yamaha High Thrust/Mercury Bigfoot four-cylinder 4-stroke gasoline outboard. For mostly intermittent use, the outboard choice simplifies her mechanical layout substantially, while with contemporary design and assembly quality it should be quite appropriate for the, by definition, intermittent use in a 100% sailing cruiser.

Typically it would be run during inshore maneuvering where sail power is less appropriate, only occasionally to be called upon to run for extended periods either to make time or avoid weather offshore or running up inland water such as rivers and canals where sailing is less probable for reliable progress.

Apart from just being hung on the motor board, readily hooked up to fuel, electricity and with controls routed to hand, it also avoids an underwater stuffing box through which so many engine rooms have been flooded, and retracted avoids all fouling and drag under sail while dramatically reducing risk of corrosion just at rest in port.

With crew tethered securely from her cockpit standing on transom steps, this power plant geometry also allows ready access to clear the solid three-bladed prop of pot warp or change a damaged one without hauling the boat or going underwater. And if the engine is seriously ill, it can be pulled off the motor board with the main boom and either lowered into the power skiff, running on the same fuel (!), to be brought ashore or be swung into the bed of a pickup for transport to the nearest repair shop.

The twin skegs serve as defenses left and right against impact from flotsam before the drive leg proper is hit. The rudders should help channel solid water to the propeller, even in the most turbulent of waters, irrespective of the prop's shallow immersion on her stern. In fact, we would expect increased likelihood of air ingestion only while backing up in confused seas.

But this is not a serious problem as she will turn in little over her own length with the rudders and outboard linked to allow coordinated swiveling, making backing up

in such conditions usually unnecessary. We picked twin solid balanced underslung bottom sweeper rudders as they live well in close proximity to the centerline outboard, while keeping her to around 40' of length, not to mention their superior performance over a single unit with a drop blade of whatever articulation with likely long-term maintenance problems.

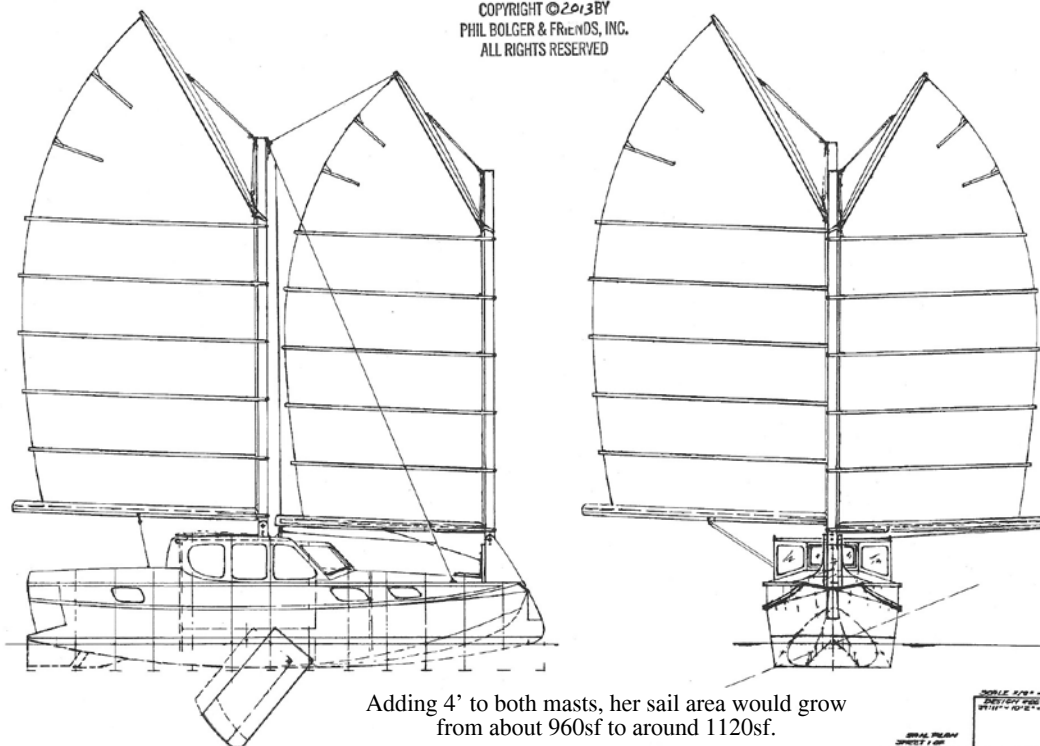
Her electrical system assumes generating capabilities from larger areas of photovoltaics spread over the rooftop and deck along with one or two bow mounted windmills optionally boosted in a pinch via a small portable gasoline generator such as the very quiet Honda units to 2kw capability, clearly the small outboard alternator (25a max) is just good enough to run navigation lights plus very modest output to offer serious recharging capability for onboard batteries beyond the starter unit.

Her electrical power generation should be laid out in two permanently unconnected systems to feed one battery bank each, simplifying wiring demand immensely, on-demand jumper cables are always aboard. Port and starboard panels and windmill combinations seem obvious, to charge the house banks in parallel.

Modest power generation will require modest daily consumption habits. On the other hand, periodic marina layovers for laundry, letters and re-provisioning would allow from the grid recharging of her large battery banks to offer weeks of gentle usage, boosted by panels and windmills.

The large batteries allow sensible living with such short usage niceties as a toaster, the microwave oven or an occasional hot-plate session should propane run low unexpectedly. And there is always the sensible practice of using thermos containers to keep coffee/tea water ready or food hot for consumption through the day. Her galley layout shows a propane range with a propane heater in the saloon. The electrical systems can, of course, power, at least for a while, the demands of radar, navigation equipment, occasional electric hand tools, etc, plus reading lights, PC and radio/CD.

With a propane heater AS-40 can be heated to adequate levels of comfort, during cooler seasons a sunny day alone might warm up an otherwise snuggled down wheelhouse through its large glass area. Based on experience of our 13 years afloat here in New England's Gloucester, Massachusetts, across every year's four seasons aboard 48'x31,000lbs *Resolution*, the reasonably good insulating properties of her hull construction will obviate the need to flee south if you find yourself in northern waters in the fall to eventually see winter come and go. Simple propane heaters can be very reliable when they're properly installed and offer great comfort when exploring a stretch of Greenland coast in the short summer or New Zealand's fjord lands.



Adding 4' to both masts, her sail area would grow from about 960sf to around 1120sf.

Her water system is gravity based with modest day tanks manually pumped up to keep track of consumption and a simple controlling valve over the two sinks and the shower, plus lowest plumbing effort for the reliable comfort yielded. Hot water would have to come from a propane-powered boiler, along with a black shallow summer tank on the roof.

AS-40 carries one or two boats piggy-back and launched and retrieved over her stern ramp. We'd propose 8'x4' Fast Brick and nestled the 6'6"x3'3" Tortoise rowing/sailing punt. Even little Tortoise would be good for one plus much food supplies/fuel cans or two plus little gear in protected waters.

And Fast Brick with 6-10hp outboard is good for faster runs and as a lifeboat for both crew. Both have built-in buoyancy to be at least as reliable as an inflatable for lifeboat purposes, with added thermal advantages lying on the floor for lowest silhouette and C.G. in nasty conditions after the loss of the mother ship.

#### Layout from Bow to Stern

Starting at the bow, the foremast tabernacle is braced by the deck surrounding it, its integration into the collision bulkhead and its distinctive forward brace for a very stout, well integrated bow structure overall to carry the strains of the foresail. Rather than trying to somehow hide the tabernacles we prefer to almost celebrate them with some structural functional styling attracting the eye to this vital feature of her overall layout.

The foremast is of conventional wooden construction. Boom and gaff are of wood and plywood.

We show no railing around the foredeck as there should be no need to spend any time on it except for rare harness secured sessions clipped into a tight wire between tabernacle and windshield base or main tabernacle. This reduces some her top-hamper, drag, cost, construction labor and eliminates any need for repair.

#### Design #667 "AS-40"

(Part 1 of 2)

Hull Length = 40'

Length on Deck = 38'6"

Length WL at rest upright = 37'5"

Beam Overall = 10'8"

Beam DWL = 9'5"

Hull-Draft at DWL = 21"

Draft Board down = 7'5"

Sail-area total w/ staysail = 959sf

Main-sail = 462sf

Fore-sail = 356sf

Stay sail = 141sf

(or 1114sf with additional 4' of masts-height)

Mast Height at DWL = 34'1"

Rig Height at DWL = 43'11"

Minimum Bridge Clearance at DWL = 9'8"

Displacement at hull draft = 22,300lbs

Dedicated Ballast in steel belly plating and batteries = approx 8,600lbs = 38.6% permanent ballast ratio

plus

Max. Fuel Weight of 200 US Gals. = 1,260lbs

Max. potable Water weight (all retainable in holding tank) = 775lbs  
= 10,635lbs for a temporary ballast ratio of 47.7 %

plus

Provisions, Spares, etc in Stowage Hold amidships = 130+cu ft volume

Yamaha T-60/Honda BFP-60 big-prop four-stroke outboard, 60hp @ 5,500rpm

Transmission 2.3:1 reduction gear

14"x11" 3-blade propeller

Approx Fuel Tankage = 200

gallons/1,260lbs of Gasoline

Approx Water Tankage = 93 gallons

Approx Holding Tankage = 92 gallons

Battery Capacity = 3,914ah @ 12v in two 6x2v banks, i.e. up to 12V/1,900ah useable

for up to 1,500 total cycles = 1-1.5kw/day

for 2 weeks plus 4x75w Solar Panels

Estimated Top Speed under Power @ 5,000 rpm = around 8.0 knots

Next aft is the bow hatch sliding aft, standing in which hip high and with little risk of going overboard, the occasional mast base work and the light ground tackle can be handled. Location of this hatch in the forepeak mudroom confines any entering spray to an area where damp is innocuous, with space to hang wet lines if necessary on either side.

The fore cabin is about 6'6" long, matching the length of the two berths. Stowage volumes seem adequate under each bunk. And shown is a divided hanging locker for two with its footprint certainly exchangeable for a full height bookshelf and integrated entertainment black boxes. Port lights are generous and at mattress correct height for ready view slouching off watch. There are distinct differences in profile and cross section between the two versions, but in both around 6'2" headroom are available where it counts to pull up one's pants and should suffice for most crew.

To port is the head. The toilet with its holding tank is located near centerline to allow zero flushing water plumbing, "don't look down" type outhouse derivative toilet. We've put these crude and simple systems in a growing number of liveaboard designs. The well gasketed lid is dogged below the toilet seat to keep rising levels from splashing up and out underway.

In worst sea states the temporary use of a port-a-potty right up on the bridge near all controls might be indicated if prior pumping out through centerboard case was impossible, or just a plain bucket to go out over the after deck when you're done. The "don't look down toilet" does not require any flushing related plumbing, valves, pumps, hoses, etc, except a permanently installed large diameter (1 1/2"-2") 30gpm Edson pump to draw from about 1" of the bottom of the tank to evacuate the mess straight into the centerboard trunk when at sea. Pump out facilities can insert their hoses through a hatch or wheelhouse centerline window panel and into the top opening of the tank.

This crude but extremely reliable system does not require the wastage of precious freshwater or the risky grief of plumbing living seawater into the boat with yet another underwater through hull, seacock, pump, valve, etc.

This is as simple and reliable as it gets and a computer fan turned on automatically when you open the lid will reliably extract the odor for zero boat internal smells, unlike any conventional toilet we know of. Between feces, urine and water from personal hygiene via head's sink and shower, it all should remain liquid enough to make the large diameter extraction pump function reliably without macerators, etc.

In the otherwise bone dry boat, the Edson pump could of course be plumbed via a Y-valve to act as an emergency manual bilge pump after hull damage. We'd still place multiple big (dusty) electric bilge pumps anyway. The principle of gravity fed cold water faucets and shower head will offer rapid initial assembly, easy maintenance and hands-on consumption control. Much grief potential so common on most boats and so often subject of discussion when it comes to the topic of sanitation is largely absent.

To starboard a good sized closet invites ingenuity to maximize its stowage-opportunities.

Up a few steps and you are on this center house version's bridge level with centerboard case hidden to port and running rigging related gear and snake pit line storage, batteries, fuel, water and waste under it in respective compartments.

The house has good clearances and airy generosity throughout. It offers this version's inside steering and navigation station, along with the usual necessities that make for an inviting social space, which at least most of each day is likely the center of activities. Her galley to starboard and full length dinette to port are located above a watertight sole assembly to allow food spills, dirty boots or just wet slicker drips to be mopped up easily surrounded by up to 3" of lip before draining forward into the compartments under the stanchion below.

The hold under the galley and dinette section of the house is accessible through the after dinette seat. Separated by two longitudinal reinforcements of the bottom plate, heavier weight such as spare engine parts, bags of rice, beans and potatoes, boxes of cans, hurricane anchor, etc, could be stored forward with lighter items towards the aft cabin bulkhead, all secured by various eyebolt and separator-board locations locked into these longitudinal frames and optional hard-points overhead in the sole's support.

Just aft of the steps, up from the forecabin, is a solid companionway door opening aft and upwards to reliably secure watertight integrity of either wheelhouse or fore cabin. Should the wheelhouse's glass surface be compromised, flooding would increase pressure on the door's gaskets to keep water from flooding the stateroom.

Serious amounts of water on the bridge could readily be drained into the centerboard case with the limited volume in the snake pit and battery compartments pumpable by conventional bilge pump. The hold is supposed to be reasonably tight with hatch in dinette bench.

At the after end of the bridge another such door assembly serves the same purpose, protecting the aft cabin.

A major detail on the bridge is a 4"x4"-square steel stanchion that runs from the under-

side of the house roof down to the hull's bottom panel. It supports both the gimballed helm seat and some of the inside sail controls. The captain's chair is mounted on the front face of the stanchion and can, if necessary, be stabilized by stock automotive shock absorbers mounted on the seat frame weldment and the stanchion's side. We'd test the rig before going this far as the UHMW bearing and roller bearing caster assembly may have enough latency to go well with the boat's movements. And it offers a fold-up seat geometry for standing at the helm on demand.

Facing forward, sitting elevated, it is clear why the corners of the foredeck were knocked off as the heeling craft would have otherwise blocked a significant part of the forward 180° horizon on either side. This allows seeing horizontally to windward to quite a high angle of heel, while the view to leeward would then be mostly through respective skylights in the roof panel. There can readily be well over 300° field of horizontal vision from the helm, sitting. Upwards view is facilitated by the clear panels in the overhead hatch and matching panels ahead and behind of it. We'd think seriously of inside and outside mirrors.

The stanchion's other function is to carry the running rigging inside controls with two-speed winches, rope clutches, etc, with winches oriented to allow two crew to raise peak and throat halyards simultaneously. Above, slightly to starboard and aft of the upper stanchion mount, an organizer assembly routes that running rigging into the wheelhouse which requires winch action and frequent tending to, jib and mizzen are to be set from forehatch and afterdeck with, for instance, main boom downhaul to be adjusted only from the forehatch, all to reduce the total number of lines to be managed inside the wheelhouse.

Hard and medium stressed lines are run through clutches and past the winches to drop into respective chutes into the snake pit below the cockpit level. Low stress lines, such as reef downhauls, run right down the after face of the stanchion onto clutch clusters, out of the way of the more important lines at the stanchions and then down also.

Main, jib and mizzen sheets are also controllable from the afterdeck in a reasonably unconvoluted geometry to port of companionway hatch. Mainsail and mizzen sheets are routed along the port dinghy forward on to the rooftop where a third two-speed winch will manage the sheeting duties. From there these lines run forward to the organizer above the stanchion to drop into the wheelhouse. In port the lines from her stern would be slackened with perhaps a lanyard via mizzen masthead block to lift the bundle to above headroom level for easier passage off her afterdeck to a float or boat.

For ventilation and more outside experience from the helm in decent weather the two forward centerline windshield panels open outwards, the helm hatch slides aft on the roof, and combined with the companionway aft should provide an adequate sense of airiness without violating her self righting characteristics.

The remaining space on the roof should be used to install generous photovoltaic areas to get free electricity between dedicated charging sessions of those large batteries. We would also cover as much of the three panel fore deck with solar panels, intermittent inefficiencies notwithstanding. And there is the option of one larger or two smaller wind generators ahead of her foremast, most efficient

likely at anchor facing the wind with least obstruction or interference. Since effective also at night and in rain under endless grey skies, the wind-generator(s) well complement the function of the photovoltaics, particularly if you want to forego any dedicated combustion based generation of AC/DC.

The hidden centerboard case to port is accessible from above through a gasketed bench flush case cap after non-destructive removal of port side cabinetry in order to allow removal of the board upwards even while afloat via tackle off the main boom through dedicated centerboard hatch in roof. The board's pivot pin is glandless for no drip centerboard function.

Shown is an assembly of minimal friction/wear/maintenance board and trunk combination which will make the removal of the board less frequent and still undramatic. While the board can be lifted out for maintenance and repair, access to much of the interior of the case itself is facilitated through above-waterline gasketed panels, with the bottom area accessible from below afloat or up on blocking on land.

To port of the case assembly there is more deep stowage useable for a range of items or just stacks of bins on lanyards for seasonal removal changing clothing for instance, all near impossible to spill. A good place for a vault or just those heirloom cross country skis...

Since AS-40's Periauger rig is rare and practical experience of its actual center of real world effort limited, we'd like to keep options open by integrating a longer than board centerboard case. At the cost of multiple board bearing assemblies, this would allow relocating the board fore or aft until she is perfectly hung to owner's preference.

Between the board located where most desirable, those balanced twin rudders, the skegs and the Periauger rig, it should be possible to fine tune her balance with moderate effort on most courses.

To starboard aft, a few steps down open up the master stateroom with its queen size berth, modest under-mattress and generous under-bridge storage volumes. The bridge deck in her afterdeck allows full headroom right across in front of the mattress. Generous port lights flood the cabin with natural light and proper ventilation is accounted for in addition to the hatch over the sole.

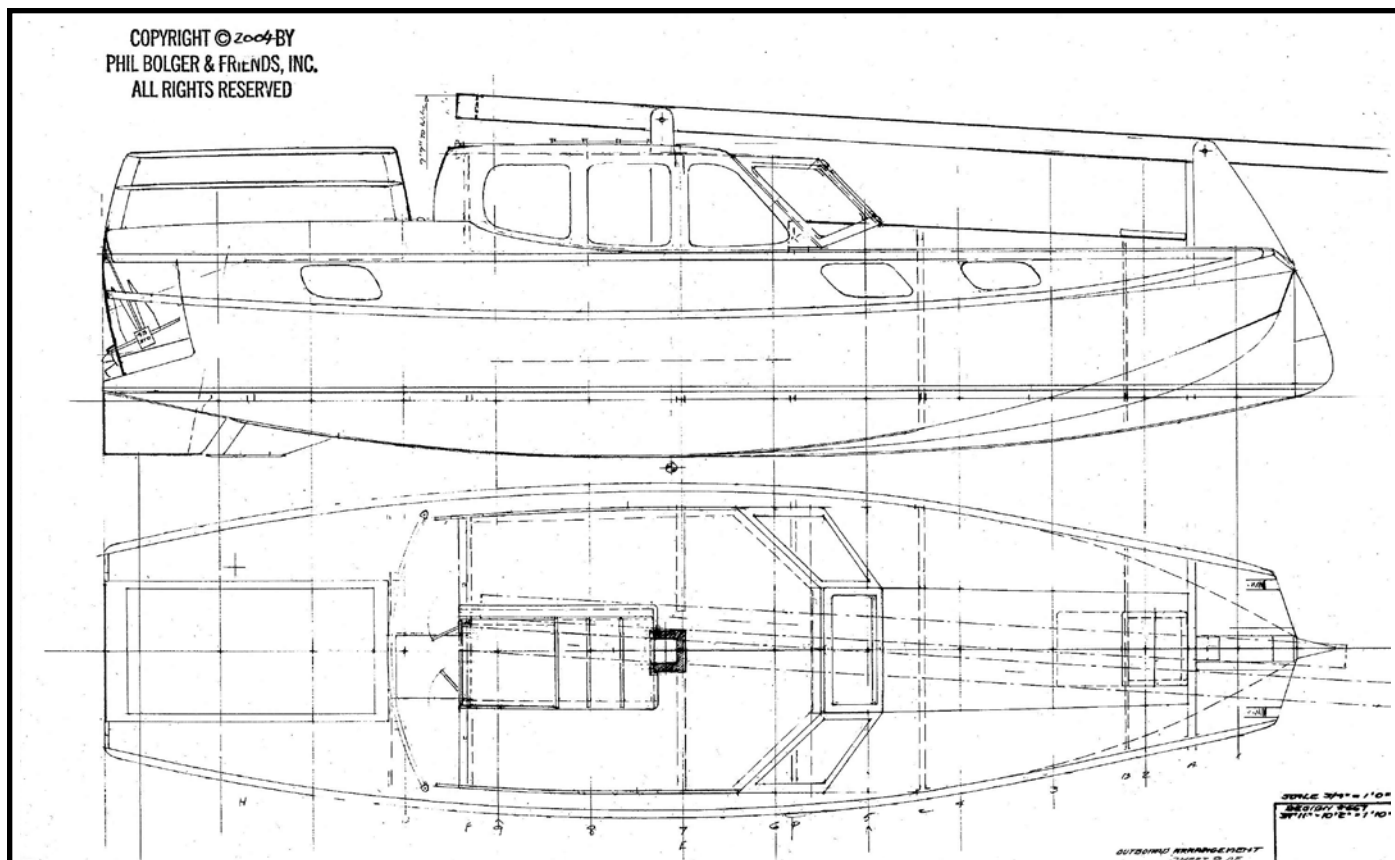
Access to the afterdeck is through the slightly off center companionway with forward-sliding hatch.

On this version of AS-40 there is her 8'x4' hard power skiff/lifeboat, nestled in her ramp well, hooked with her bow into the power winch and locked in place behind with the single piece stern ramp-gate. With the boat launched and ramp-well brought up level, there is a 9' long by 8' wide area for a few folding deck chairs and table plus BBQ for on demand open air lounging, with in port canvas curtains on her side and aft railing, privacy can be enhanced.

To starboard of the companionway is the outside (second) steering station for tight quarters maneuvering, all ears lookout duty in foggy conditions or occasional out in the open joy at the helm.

Below the rear 4.5' of her cockpit, her 50/60hp outboard is located under a flush panel. Equipped with power tilt, lower unit and propeller are retracted at anchor, in the marina and, of course, under sail. We gave up some aft cabin volume to allow retract-





tion without having her propeller protrude beyond her stern, a comfort in tight quarters of marinas or when surrounded by swarms of buzzing kids cutting close to her stern in a popular anchorage.

Quiet by design, motoring from the inside helm should not be disrupted on AS-40 by intrusive engine noise. And the lightweight, efficient 4-stroke combustion, readily removability with main boom for outings of crew and motor to a repair shop, make up more than enough for the relative moderate duty rating any outboard is likely to ever receive. The rare large prop outboard type specified here is certainly well-seasoned in a long production run. We only wished for a reasonably defensible alternator such as 60a rather than 10-15-25.

#### Another Version? Not Shown Here?!

Quite similar in appearance to AS-34, but longer, using the same hull of AS-40 inevitably suggests an aft cockpit version, more in keeping with conventional notions of a cockpit where it belongs and the outside controls where the crew belongs. To each their own! Not yet on presentable paper, here is an outline of that layout.

Aft of her fore cabin bulkhead, her saloon opens up with dinette to port, a settee to starboard, the galley abaft that, right across the head to port. This volume of social activity measures over 14' in length, all on the same level as fore and aft cabins, about a 3' gain over the center house version due to the absence of two sets of steps.

Dinette and galley spaces are close to identical to the other version. The head's volume is comparable as well.

But the headroom over dinette, settee and the aft 2' of the fore cabin are reduced to 5'5" across her full beam to allow sinking the two hard 6'6"-8' dinghies into that section of

her foredeck in order to look forward over them sitting on her cockpit benches without rubber necking.

And her centerboard case is actually far off-center to clear her floor plan for maximum ergonomics, as in AS-34. We've done these asymmetries throughout our design work, including this more extreme case, which turns it rightfully into a bilge board. Owners of such craft were always hard pressed to find differences from tack to tack.

No doubt discernable to alert skipper weaned on conventional hull appendage symmetry, cruising clients were making their passages on either tack and never complained about misbehavior. The modest structural issues can be accounted for by design and conscientious assembly. This geometry would soon become normal in daily use, especially in light of the interior layout it allows. Still, it would likely disturb the proper yachtsman when brought up in casual conversation sitting right next to it.

The mainmast intrudes no more than on the center house version, being pivoted well up on deck with just its mast heel visibly restrained in the saloon's floor.

And the aft cabin is very close to that discussed earlier, except that her headroom across is interrupted by the intrusion of the cockpit footwell reducing it to just over 5' right there. So, for most people pulling up one's pants must be done on either side.

A longer stair up the companionway opens up the cockpit after passing over a 2' long bridge deck catering to headroom needs below. Headroom between bridge deck and hard dodger is just 4' and close to being a nuisance, but is unavoidable if reliable protection from nasty weather of the passage down into her cabin is to be provided by the dodger.

She does, though, feature a removable

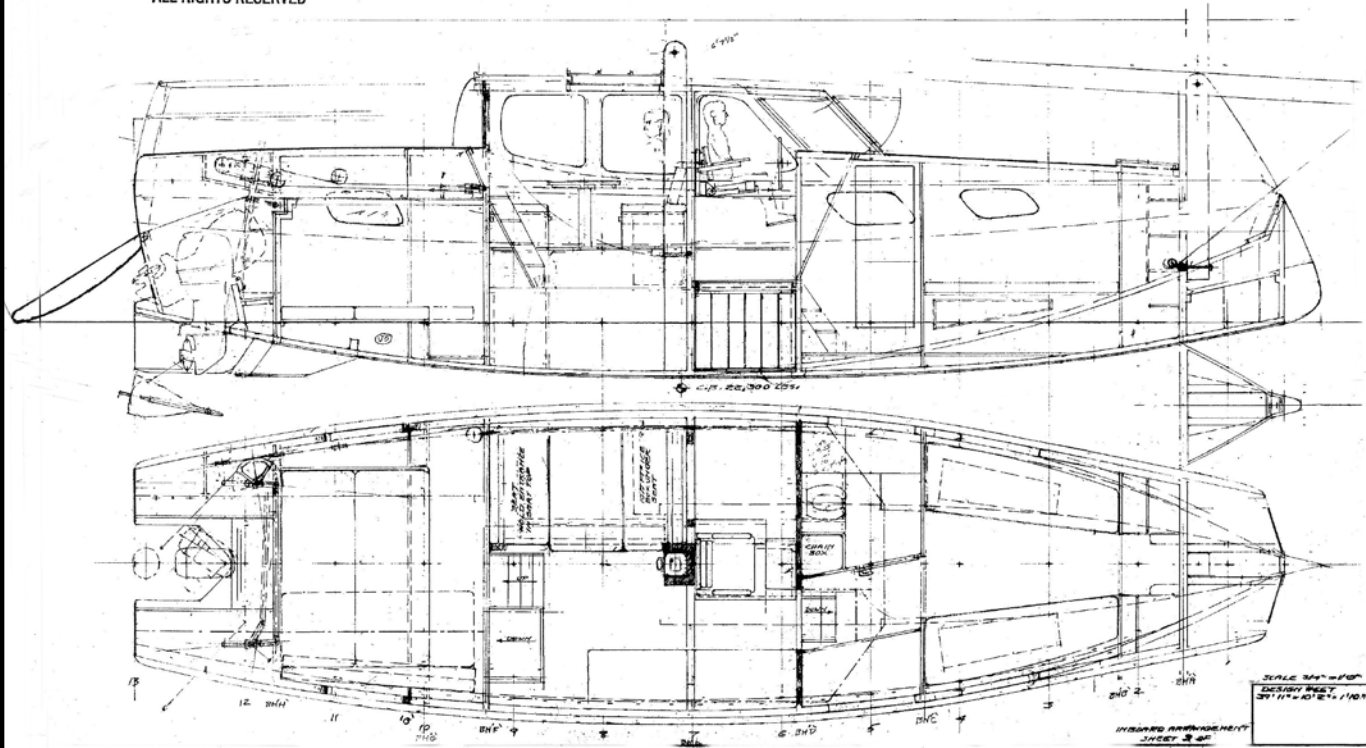
center roof panel which, in moderate conditions, could measure near the whole length of the dodger. With side glass of polycarbonate and forward transparencies of laminated glass a good balance is struck between the dodger's ruggedness and utility with electric wipers.

Once in the cockpit, it is about 6' wide and offers over 9.5' long benches for easy lounging of multiple crew in port or huddling four across under her dodger in demanding weather. With eye level well over 7' above waterline, 360° visibility is always available with horizontal rubber necking around the main tabernacle looming on centerline just ahead. Headroom sitting under dodger is about 3'6" and close to 5' standing.

Running under power, noise from the outboard below should be mutable between gaskets along its access panel and some sound deadening material under it. Indeed, at cruising rpm of 3,200-3,500 these motors have a reasonably pleasant purr without whine or "marbles in a can" racket. Fumes should stay aft with a worst case scenario of following winds comparable to that of an inboard installation. And the motor well should certainly be wide enough to allow good access to the power head and the prop from the cockpit, or from a dinghy behind her.

The tiller is located near her stern and is connected via conventional wire connection to the twin rudders, whose stocks are located about 4' ahead of the tiller pivot. The tiller functions as usual, including flip-up to save space, except that the wire connection allows gearing of the action between tiller input and rudder output, meaning that less tiller movement can be speeded up to more rudder stock movement for more input effort. Standing at the tiller, much of the maneuvering work would likely be done standing on the flush-hinged sole panel covering the outboard under it.

COPYRIGHT ©2004 BY  
PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



### Concluding Wisdom ??

Overall, either version of AS-40 should be comparable in terms of cost of assembly, structural integrity, seaworthiness, utility as a cruiser with the latter likely a point of last- ing debate if defined by the inside or outside arguments proffered to enhance crew health, thus endurance, alertness and thus safety. Hence, the two options presented here on the same hull and sail-plan.

Lighter and narrower than Design #662 Fiji, doing without inboard diesel power and its advantages or Fiji's enormous range under power or its big hold, but equally

capable under sail in shallows or offshore, AS-40 offers a less complex envelope able to likely cover much of the same itinerary, with a few diesel dependent extremes left far off her course.

With her two layouts and four honest bunks in two private cabins, plus two occasional dinette berths, AS-40's ergonomics throughout may appeal to those less interested in the outer extremes of very long range cruising but rather in a somewhat more affordable and a bit faster to build cruiser that can sleep four on an extended cruise still across much of four northern seasons.

Finally, those interested in seeing these plans completed should contact PB&F for the terms to get this done. As just about in all cases, including in this one for AS-40 so far, the full cost to PB&F of doing this work would not be borne by respective client(s). But subsidizing completion of this design would then allow others access to it while PB&F then sells copies to help balance the budget for this particular project. This approach reduces the cost threshold for all while allowing this work to be conducted to begin with. The risk is typically on us as there are no guarantees of selling a lot of plans.

### Quality Restoration and Repair

Total Refit: 1898 Crosby Catboat.



Southport Island Marine  
207-633-6009

[www.southportislandmarine.com](http://www.southportislandmarine.com)

### Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! - \$150

Scott Baldwin  
Box 884 Killingworth  
Connecticut 06419

See web page: [www.baldwinstudio.us](http://www.baldwinstudio.us)



### Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine  
207-633-6009

[www.southportislandmarine.com](http://www.southportislandmarine.com)

In 1960, when visiting the Smithsonian, I asked if I could see Howard Chapelle. My wish was granted! I climbed the stairs to the very top of the Victorian gothic style north-east tower. Though excited, I climbed carefully, recalling the gothic tower in *Kidnapped*, by Robert Lewis Stevenson, in which a flash of lighting showed that the stairs ended and our hero would have fallen to his doom. The office was maybe 14' square, bringing to mind the office of a NYC yacht designer which was closet size, so small that the client had to stand in the doorway.

Howard was with a draftsman working at a long drafting table. He, with superb draftsmanship, was finishing the plan of a flush decked ship with one row of gun ports. I asked, "what do you do if some details are missing?"

Chapelle replied "we look for details of the closest available similar ships." Chapelle was immaculately dressed and groomed. I was slightly surprised because, according to Alan Donkin, for whom I worked in a Boston area shipyard, this had not been the case when years before Chapelle had passed through documenting small working sailboats. Then he had a battered old Model A or Model T. He slept in a tent or on the back seat(?) and subsisted on pork and beans for maybe \$1 a week. Alan and others were pleased to provide Chapelle with a good supper and decent bed. How richly Chapelle's sacrifices paid in saving these sailing craft for us when no one else had the interest in them, or the ability to document them!

This was the opportunity of a lifetime. Not wanting to impose excessively or waste time on things covered elsewhere, I asked a few questions for which books lacked answers, wondering what his responses would be. His responses were concise and very illuminating.

## An Interview With Howard I. Chapelle

By Jim Wonnell

What makes for good light weather hulls? He believed that wetted surface is not nearly as important a factor as supposed because some of the best drifters he has sailed have been "plank on edge" cutters, etc. He also believed that the smoothness of the hull surface, particularly forward, is much more important than realized.

Deadrise helps light weather performance because the "mean buttock lines" (meaning where the bulk of the water passes both under and towards the sides to get around the hull) have less curvature if deadrise is used and therefore the water gets "bent" less. His later book, *Search for Speed Under Sail*, concluded that the fastest ships had the highest ratio of length to depth of this buttock, about 13/1. Later I felt it significant that he did not mention "diagonals" because a diagonal can be drawn where the flow is thought to go, but the flow might have other ideas. However, deadrise makes it difficult to attain as much displacement as a flatter form and, in the case of a hull heavy for its length, deadrise may result in inadequate stability because displacement is missing from the "immersed wedge" of form stability. When a vessel rolls, this compares the wedge lost on the up side, to the wedge gained on the down side. Are these wedges equal, or different and how large?

What hull design factors are most important? Hulls heavy for their length need very easy hull lines with an absence of bumps, discontinuities and unfairness to prevent inferior

performance. It appears that the only dimensionless coefficient of value in designing sailing hulls is the prismatic coefficient  $C_p$ . Comparison of sectional area curves and waterlines is also of value in estimating balance, particularly if the effects of the particular hull type and rig type on balance are known.

Drag (more draft to the keel aft than forward) does not help speed to windward as much as often believed. Drag is usually a feature of long hulled craft which have plenty of lateral plane anyway. There is evidence that drag should be used to obtain balance as necessary, for instance, Fenger's wishbone ketch has reverse drag (it is deeper forward than aft) and it is quite weatherly.

Centerboard versus keel: A Hanley centerboard ketch beat a Fife keelboat in a contest on the Great Lakes merely by playing the depth of the centerboard. Dutch boats show advances due to leeboard camber and angle of attack adjustable up to 2° due to a curved rest on the hull. Coastal and deep sea centerboarders, if reasonably ballasted, were considered safer because they might slide sideways enough to avoid capsize if unexpectedly struck by wind and wave. They sailed much better in light air conditions. They were better able to keep clear of a hostile shore or reef if the weather changed, which accounted for the most frequent cause of loss of a ship.

Historical research being done for the book *Speed under Sail* shows that some of the record passages were made with maximum speeds of 8¾ knots. This infers that ability to always keep moving at a fair pace was more productive than ability to reach high speeds under optimum conditions, because optimum conditions on actual ocean passages were infrequent (tortoise vs hare).

Despite progress since 1960, these answers are still hard to locate in books. They might reveal things that designers were thinking but could not, or would not, put in words. All this may seem arcane trivia to most people, but not to the nautically obsessed who mess about in boats.



Unfinished Professionally built 35.5' LOA 'express' cruiser: hull bulkheads, frames, cabinsides completed. Approx. 95% of all materials, various foundry parts, including machinery and running gear available, with engineering data and drawings included. Not a project for amateurs.

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION:  
859 266 6903,  
seacoyacht@yahoo.com

## ELECTRIC SKIFF



Silent e-boats made of sapele mahogany  
EDOAK DESIGNS Atlanta, GA  
404.355.2983 edoak@mindspring.com

[www.edoak.com](http://www.edoak.com)

Most of us generally picture ourselves as good, law abiding citizens, but sometimes the laws are too nonsensical or trivial and fudging a little doesn't seem like a crime. Antique boaters find it particularly easy to slip into this mode of thinking because their boats and equipment are a little out of the mainstream, so to speak. Unless you put the decals on the hull, will the marine patrol know the difference between a ChrisCraft and a GarWood? It's hard to pass a 25-footer off as a 17-footer but telling 1940 from 1950 is sometimes tricky. If you are having trouble with your paperwork or don't feel like paying sales tax on another boat, it's tempting to just transfer the registration numbers from one boat to another.

Modifying paperwork for sales tax purposes has probably been the most requested favor for boat purchasers over the years. I am a licensed Connecticut dealer and my paperwork needs to match my sales tax returns, so there is really nothing I can or want to do for my Connecticut purchasers. Most of my boats go out of state, however, and sometimes someone will ask if he can get one bill of sale for the hull and another one for the hardware and please don't ask what he intends to do with them.

One customer stands out in my memory because he bought an expensive boat and insisted on my collecting every penny of sales tax due. I was puzzled but it wasn't my place to question him. Then, about a year later in the fall election, there he was running against our incumbent Republican State Senator. I'm a lifelong Democrat but by that point I'd seen more than enough of this customer and his difficulty with common sense matters, so I started to wonder how many other fools I'd voted for because I only knew the good face they put on, but it was too late to worry. At least I now understood why he was so anxious to pay sales tax!

States like New Hampshire have no sales tax at all and Rhode Island has none on marine sales, so often people like to run their boats through them and who am I to question? Some states title boats of all ages, some have a cutoff date and others do not title boats at all, so in the past confusion was always a possibility, both to make things difficult or to aid in getting questionable paperwork through. Now with the internet the tax people can get accurate information instantly, so if your Ohio boat, for instance, is just grey firewood, you still had better have a matching title. I've sold about a thousand boats over the years and the most difficult registration process I can ever remember was in Nevada, where lots of things are legal but try to get an out of state boat registered!

When you register your car in most states for the first time the motor vehicle department or some branch of law enforcement has to check the actual VIN number on the vehicle with the one on the paperwork. Pity the person who has paperwork that contains a typo or simple error. Boats, however, are generally not subjected to this same level of scrutiny, or at least not yet. Export is one major exception and in some cases we've had to stamp the correct number into the hull if it is missing or hard to read. Obviously stamping an incorrect number is fraud, but we've always maintained that re-stamping the correct number is legal. One thing is for sure, the numbers will be checked in the customs process.

## Taxes, Registrations and Other Misdemeanors

By Boyd Mefferd

Boats used to pass over the Canadian border fairly easily and taking the cutoff from Niagara Falls to Port Huron, Michigan, that saves 75 miles and big tolls was never a problem. Then, several years ago we restored a ChrisCraft that had been delivered new to Ontario and always kept by a Connecticut resident at his family's summer cottage. The boat had Ontario numbers and he assumed that getting it back home would pose no problem. He did provide me with a cover letter to Canadian Customs stating that the boat had been brought to Connecticut from Ontario by her owner for restoration, and giving his cell phone number in case the agents had questions.

So I innocently approached Canadian Customs in Niagara Falls and, when asked if I had any paperwork, produced his letter. That did not impress them and they asked if I had invoices. I did, a final bill that included just varnish and upholstery. I was told to park and take the invoice to the agent indoors. She wrote up a tax bill and sent me to the cashier, who fortunately took credit cards because the tax was much more than the cash I was carrying. The cashier told me to give my receipt to the agent outdoors and I foolishly assumed I was home, more or less free. The agents outdoors were smiling young women wearing large hand guns on one hip and radios on the other. Rather than "you are free to go" I was told to give them the keys to my truck and go sit on a nearby bench.

After spending quite a while with a thorough inspection of both my vehicle and the boat, the agent came back with a long list of questions. I'm used to officials who do not really know what they are looking at, but she had all the right questions about the scope and cost of the restoration and did I have any additional paperwork? I did not, I would have to try to remember then. So, still innocent I guess, I tried to acknowledge the extensive scope of the restoration but downplay the cost. She wrote my answers down and told me to remain on the bench. I did not anticipate what was coming next.

She then went inside and called the number my customer had provided in his letter. He was in flight in his private plane somewhere between Connecticut and Gravenhurst, Ontario. Cell phones are apparently OK in private planes and she reached him and asked him all the same questions and then compared answers. She came out laughing and said that I was a lot more forthcoming than the customer was, but the boat would still have to be impounded until her supervisor could review the matter and decide what to do. I was free to leave with my truck, but since the delivery was the sole purpose of my trip, I stayed there.

About an hour later she came back with yet another bill to pay and fortunately I had the credit available on the card. I brought that receipt out to the agent and she told me that there were no hard feelings but Ontario sales tax of 15% was due on any and all work done outside the province, so please remember that in the future.

When I finally reached my destination I told my customer how the matter had been resolved and he was not happy about the additional expense. I told him that he was one of the luckiest people alive. The boat could have remained impounded and I could have ended up in handcuffs. He said he had no idea that he was sending me into a bad situation and apologized for the anxiety he had caused. Canadian customs are as friendly as they ever were, but a lot more thorough. So far I haven't been back to try my luck again.

Fortunately, when I crossed into Canada my trailer registration was legitimate. Older trailers, particularly those from out of state, are hard to register in Connecticut and first need to go through a thorough inspection. If someone is just moving a boat from here to there and not making a lot of trips, it's tempting to "borrow" a plate from another trailer. Connecticut registrations have a box for "color" so some people try to have one for red, another for black and so on and keep their fingers crossed.

This used to work most of the time, but in the past several years many police departments have purchased the plate reader technology which automatically scans a plate, compares it to a database and then reports in a computer generated voice so the officer never even has to take his eyes off you or the road. Any variation between plate and trailer is probable cause and there you go. The big danger is that the officer, in addition to writing a ticket for an unregistered trailer is free to take the trailer off the road by calling his local flatbed operator.

Some operators may be careful with an antique boat, but others could care less, and in any case the impound lot is not where you want to store a nice boat, even for a short time. We've tried to always use legitimately registered trailers, but sometimes it is difficult. We used to have a floating dealer plate for trailers that required no insurance because the tow vehicle provided coverage. Then several years ago an uninsured ten wheel dump truck loaded with 60,000lbs of used asphalt paving came down a steep hill too fast, lost its brakes, killed four people and hurt many more at the bottom of the hill. The State of Connecticut tightened their checks on coverage to include all plates, even those used on trailers, and our insurance carrier wanted an exorbitant fee to cover the floating plate.

There's always a moral to the story and in this case it seems that people in the digital age are constantly inventing new technologies to sell to tax agencies and law enforcement. There is a good chance that some of them will be watching while you are thinking that you can still get away with all the things you used to think you could do.

I shouldn't complain, technology let me pay my Ontario tax bill on Saturday rather than waiting until Monday when the banks were back open (then convert from US to Canadian, etc). The world is constantly changing and falling into line is probably the easiest thing. People who think they are too smart or always lucky need to hope that they are smart enough to get their boat back out of the impound yard. Before you turn in that slightly bogus bill of sale or "borrow" that trailer plate, see if you remember the first verse of the song "I fought the law..."



# ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

## 2013 Our 22nd Season

Would you like to  
read more, lots more,  
about sea kayaking?

**SUBSCRIBE  
NOW!**

*Atlantic Coastal  
Kayaker* will bring  
you 36 pages monthly  
all about sea kayaking,  
8 times a year  
(March through  
December)

**All this  
for only \$24  
(8 issues)**

Like to see the next  
issue? Just ask.

### Subscription Order Form

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Send check for \$24 payable to:

***Atlantic Coastal Kayaker***  
P.O. Box 520,  
Ipswich, MA 01938  
(978) 356-6112  
(Phone & Fax)  
ackayak@comcast.net



Few of us have ever careened our boat to clean the bottom, check the rudder system or replace an underwater fitting. For one thing, there are few places with the right bottom composition for such an operation. For another, a lot of our boat hulls are not designed for such action (few frames, thin hull material, etc) so could be damaged in the process. Most boats these days are not round bottomed, they are fairly flat so we can get maximum speed with minimum power. What brought this to mind was seeing a sailboat careened on a sandbar off Shell Point while the owners cleaned the bottom. Also, there was the report of some people we know sailing a catamaran in English waters who wanted to "dry out" the cat to check some underwater fittings but could not find a place where it would fit. They finally parked the boat at the end of a dock and waited for the tide to go out. Once the boat was firmly aground (in the mud) they dug out around the fittings they wanted to inspect. Not the best way to go, but this approach saved them a good deal of money in the hauling fee.

One of the important pieces of information in the design plans for a boat is the table of offsets. The measurements (either inside or outside the planking) give the builder the information to loft the boat's frames/ribs properly. Recently I saw a set of boat plans with all the measurements given within a set of drawings. The approach gave the builder the necessary measurements as well as an image of how the frames went together and made it obvious that the measurements were to the inside of the hull. If you were to build the boat, you might want to do some lofting to make sure the lines were fair, but such work might not be necessary.

Our Sisu 26 has been for sale for a while and we have shown the boat to a number of people. The reason not to purchase the boat has varied with each person who looked at it. One wanted more speed (running inlets on the east coast of Florida needs such), one was concerned about the cost of shipping (Lake Erie is a long way from Apalachee Bay), etc. The most interesting rejection thus far was due to age of the boat, the end grain balsa

core for the hull and possible repair costs thereof. End grain balsa is still used as a structural core in building projects because of its compression strength and durability. The key is the outside covering that protects the balsa core. With quality boat construction (such as my Sisu), the fiberglass coating (usually cloth) inside and out protects the end grain balsa from damage. The other nice thing about such construction is that any hole or damage to the fiberglass is confined to its location. The cellular construction of the end grain balsa negates transverse "weeps" of water (or such).

The annual recreational boating statistics compiled by the US Coast Guard for 2012 has been published. You can find the current collection of information (as well as previous reports) at: [http://www.uscgboating.org/statistics/accident\\_statistics.aspx](http://www.uscgboating.org/statistics/accident_statistics.aspx).

The incident reporting information noted "Operator Inattention" and "Improper Lookout" were among the top five causes of collision and allision (if your vessel hits another moving vessel you have a collision, if your vessel hits a moored vessel or a dock, pier or other stationary object you have an allision). In either case, you have problems. As in the past, most deaths were caused by drowning (wear a PFD)!

A GPS and electronic charts are the latest in navigational tools for those on the water. One of the warnings, sometimes disregarded, is that either can be wrong. Such was the case with the *USS Guardian* when it ran aground on a coral reef. It seems that a review of the incident found that the digital chart for the area had a nine mile error on the location of the reef. The GPS units in our vehicles can also get "lost" while searching for a place and Google does not always know where something is located. My test of such equipment is our street address. Most vehicle GPS units and Google put our house at the wrong end of the street (about two miles off).

Being one of those people who uses a GPS as an indicator of location (and/or the direction the antenna is going), I find referencing readings to my paper chart to be the way to navigate on the water. For serious navigation (lesser known waters), one of my tools comes from the flying world. It is an E6B computer that I use to calculate set and drift. The device can also be used to calculate speed, ETAs and other such navigational information. They do not need batteries and can be used almost anywhere but they do require a pencil (or similar device) from time to time.

The diameter of a line is one of the indicators of its strength. The thicker the line, the stronger the line (in most cases). Another aspect of a larger diameter line is the ease of handling. I use 1/2" line for the anchor rode, not because of the concern about the line breaking under load, but to give me something better to grip when hauling in the rode, chain and anchor. I was reminded of the handling ease consideration the other day when moving our boat at the float to work on the side away from the float by turning the boat around. I was using my 3/8" lines to control the boat as my wife and I turned it end for end. The previous time we had done this maneuver I had used some spare 1 1/2" line instead. My wife commented on the difference the thinner line made in terms of grip and pull on the hands. The next time we are moving the boat at the dock, I will remember to use the larger diameter line.



**Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.**

**Custom  
Small  
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



**Mast Hoops**

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

**Pert Lowell Co., Inc.**  
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950  
(978) 462-7409

## Builders & Restorers

**C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.**

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860  
207-372-8543

**Custom Wooden Boat  
Building & Restoration**



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail [woodboats@msn.com](mailto:woodboats@msn.com)

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

**Hansen & Company  
Builders of Practical & Impractical  
Boats**

Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats  
[www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com](http://www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com)  
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073  
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@myfairpoint.net  
Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Anest Yachts Inc**

Custom Classic & Traditional Boats  
Huntington, Long Island, NY  
(516) 457-5083  
[www.AnestYachts.com](http://www.AnestYachts.com)



Cape Cod's  
Sailing Headquarters  
& Wooden Boat Center  
\*Established 1951\*

**Proud Builders of  
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin  
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch  
18' Daysailer  
20' Cruising Cat  
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance

All boats built to the highest standards.  
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with  
teak or mahogany trim.  
Solid bronze hardware,  
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales  
APBY Sailing School  
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662  
**(508) 255-0994**  
[www.areyspondboatyard](http://www.areyspondboatyard)

(607) 547-2658

**Tom Krieg's Boat Shop**

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)  
P.O. Box 1007  
Cooperstown, NY 13326

**Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging**



**Wooden Boats Built to Order**

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs  
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats  
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,  
Shoal Draft Our Specialty  
Check Out My Website

**[www.oldwharf.com](http://www.oldwharf.com)**

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

**Walter Baron, Boatbuilder**

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

custom building  
repairs  
restorations

**LABRIE  
SMALL  
CRAFT**

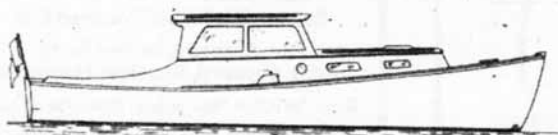
16' cruising kayak

© Dick Newick, design #153

[www.labriesmallcraft.com](http://www.labriesmallcraft.com) (207) 570-2300

**Hadden Boat Company**

*Wooden Boat Construction & Repair*



Launched September 2012  
36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica  
Low Wake & Fast!

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548  
(207) 371-2662

**BURNHAM  
BOAT BUILDING & DESIGN**

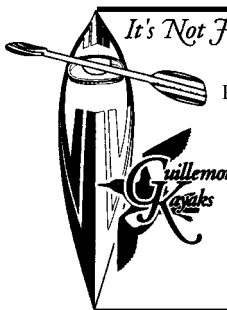


11 BURNHAM CT.  
P.O. Box 541  
Essex, MA 01929  
978-768-2569

[BURNHAMBOATBUILDING.COM](http://BURNHAMBOATBUILDING.COM)

**CAPT. HAROLD A. BURNHAM**  
DESIGNER, SAWYER, SHIPWRIGHT,  
AND SAILMAKER

*It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!*



Unique Wood-Strip  
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &  
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:  
Nick Schade  
Guillemot Kayaks  
54 South Rd.  
Groton, CT 06340-4624  
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

## Plans & Kits



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95  
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monfort Associates  
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578  
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

## Jordan Wood Boats

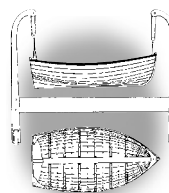
P.O. Box 194, South Beach, OR 97366  
541-867-3141

[www.jordanwoodboats.com](http://www.jordanwoodboats.com)

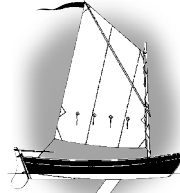
\*\*\*\*\*

## Distinctive Boat Designs

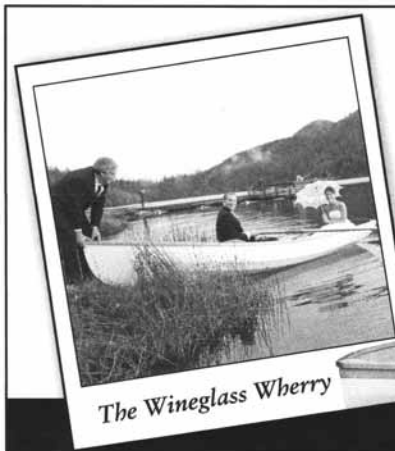
Meticulously Developed and Drawn  
For the Amateur Builder



CRADLE BOAT  
BABY TENDER




BEACH CRUISER  
FOOTLOOSE



*The Day Every Father  
Dreams of...*

*The day he launches a new boat.*

*Award Winning Boat Kits*



**PYGMY**  
BOATS INC

[www.PygmYBoats.com](http://www.PygmYBoats.com)

*The Wineglass Wherry*

## This Space Available \$18 per Issue

Advertising must be for Plans or Kits  
For Details: [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com)

### WESTON FARMER

#### BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

**WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES**  
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

### THE SIMMONS



### Classics of the North Carolina coast

18-, 20- & 22-foot plans available

- ~ Outstandingly seaworthy vessels
- ~ 30 mps with low power
- ~ Light & simple; plywood lapstrake construction
- ~ Detailed plans & directions; no lofting



Cape Fear Museum  
Wilmington, NC  
910.798.4371  
[capefearmuseum.com](http://capefearmuseum.com)

### SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

#### WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



#### MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts  
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted  
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

**SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS**  
Dept. M, PO Box 2863  
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at  
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

# DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

**low prices, fast service**

**[www.duckworksbbbs.com](http://www.duckworksbbbs.com)**



## SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1500. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$20, DVD.

### SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478  
(802) 524-9645  
[www.shellboats.com](http://www.shellboats.com)

## H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY



**Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books**  
**Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dorries • Model Building**

Visit our website @ [www.instantboats.com](http://www.instantboats.com)  
Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

**H.H. Payson & Company**  
PO Box 122  
Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.**  
**Just Do It!**

**Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder**

**207-594-7587**



## CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT THE BEST BOATS YOU CAN BUILD.™



Wood Duck 10



Chesapeake 17LT



Shearwater 17



Eastport Pram



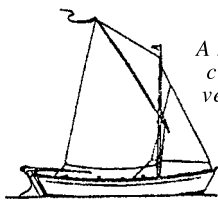
Northeaster Dory

**and more than 80 other boat kits!**

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and boatbuilding materials, visit [clcboats.com](http://clcboats.com) or call 410.267.0137**



## CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small  
craft plans for  
very easy home  
building in  
plywood*

For details, visit the website:  
[www.broadlyboats.com/sections](http://www.broadlyboats.com/sections)

or contact:  
**CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER**

**15 Lanyard PI  
Woodbridge, Suffolk  
IP12 1FE  
United Kingdom  
Tel +44 1394 383491**



## BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans  
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON  
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS  
8471 SW CR 347  
Cedar Key, FL 32625  
[huhorton@gmail.com](mailto:huhorton@gmail.com)

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors

Photo by Bill Ling



## ATKIN

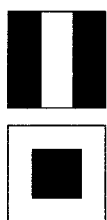
Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

### ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820  
[apatkin@aol.com](mailto:apatkin@aol.com)  
[www.atkinboatplans.com](http://www.atkinboatplans.com)

# By-The-Sea

[www.by-the-sea.com](http://www.by-the-sea.com)



- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: [info@by-the-sea.com](mailto:info@by-the-sea.com)



Built by the designer's 10 yr old daughter, Grace's Tender is a great introduction to boatbuilding, sailing and generally messing about in boats. 8 ft long, weighs 55 lb. Plans, a 2 hour DVD, kits available.

### ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

37 Doak Rd, Belfast, ME 04915.  
207-930-9873.  
[www.archdavisdesigns.com](http://www.archdavisdesigns.com)

## Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at [www.robbwhite.com](http://www.robbwhite.com).

**Robb White & Sons**  
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



## Supplies

## Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.  
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in  
cream, tanbark, white

Photos, quotes at  
[www.dabblersails.com](http://www.dabblersails.com)

e-mail - [dab@crosslink.net](mailto:dab@crosslink.net)  
ph/fax 804-580-8723  
or write us at PO Box 234  
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

## MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane  
York, ME 03909  
(207) 363-7426  
(800) 899-1664  
Fax (207) 363-8650  
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.  
Westbrook, ME 04902  
(207) 856-6015  
(877) 408-4751  
Fax (207) 856-6971  
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm  
Saturday 8am-12pm

**HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •  
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •  
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •  
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •  
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING**

We Deliver  
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

[www.maine coastlumber.com](http://www.maine coastlumber.com)  
email: [info@mainecoastlumber.com](mailto:info@mainecoastlumber.com)



We ship UPS

## MERTON'S FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

### Quality Brand Name Products

*Competitive Pricing*  
All items in stock for immediate shipment

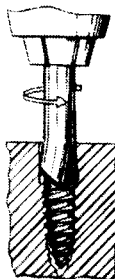
Online catalog  
**www.mertons.com**  
call 800-333-0314  
P.O. Box 399  
East Longmeadow,  
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products  
To Boat Owners,  
Hull Finishers & Boatyards  
for over 20 years.**

**800-333-0314**

## UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



### T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335  
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709

[unscrew-ums@tltools.com](mailto:unscrew-ums@tltools.com)

**www.tltools.com**

## OARSMAN MARINE TALLOW

*Traditional Oar Leather  
& Oarlock Lubricant*

1/4 pint & 1/2 pint sizes

*"Why settle for second best?"*

Swanson Boat Company  
420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095  
Phone: 860-299-6502

E-Mail: [Rodger.Swanson412@comcast.net](mailto:Rodger.Swanson412@comcast.net)

**R.C. Swanson, Proprietor**



## Sail for a canoe

**Excellent quality and design**  
**\$325.00 plus shipping -**  
National Sailing Committee  
American Canoe Association

Pay to: C. Sutherland

Send to:

Chuck Sutherland

2210 Finland Rd.

Green Lane, PA 18054

*For info and*

*Free rig plans*

[seashell@entermail.net](mailto:seashell@entermail.net)

[Www.enter.net/~skimmer](http://Www.enter.net/~skimmer)

## ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

### J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175  
(804) 758-2721

moonshadow



SWEATERS

UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL, UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO. SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN, IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

[www.sv-moonshadow.com](http://www.sv-moonshadow.com)  
[sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com](mailto:sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com)



## RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

### RAKA Marine

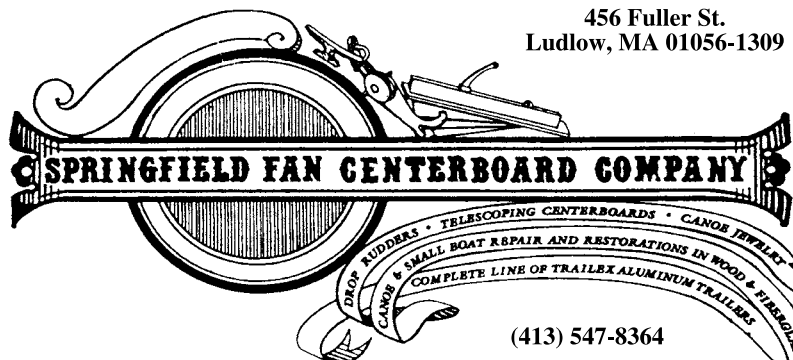
3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571

Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070

[www.raka.com](http://www.raka.com)



456 Fuller St.  
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



**SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY**

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY  
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS  
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364



Small Craft  
Sails  
by  
**Sew Tec**

Any Sail, Traditional to High Tech,  
to 100 sq. ft.  
Re-cuts, Repairs & Custom Canvas Work  
23 years in business  
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

**GAMBELL & HUNTER**  
**SAILMAKERS**

*Sails  
and  
Rigging*



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843  
(207) 236-3561  
www.gambellandhunter.net

**Wood Canoe  
Hardware**



**CANOE HARDWARE**  
1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval  
Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16"  
Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear  
White Cedar. Price List Available.

**NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP**  
Ph: (888) 564-1020  
Fax: (207) 564-3667  
Web: www.woodencanoes.com



Ash, cherry, or oak cleats,  
hand-rubbed finish,  
several styles available at  
**WoodMarineCleats.com**  
or call 906-644-7610  
for custom work

**Atlantic White Cedar**  
Custom cut to your specifications from our own  
logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up  
to 24'.  
Cypress and other species available upon request.

**Woodcraft Productions Ltd.**  
P.O. Box 17307  
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704  
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029

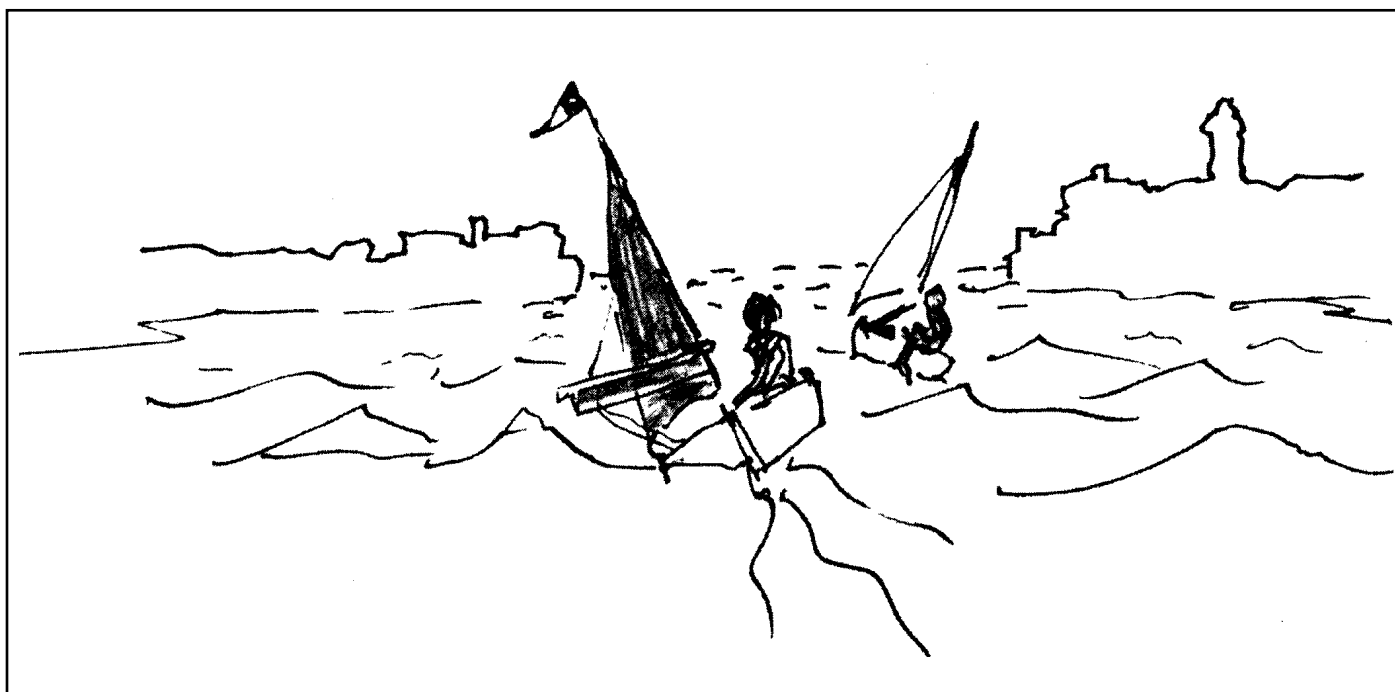
**Only \$9 Per Month  
to Advertise Your  
Boating Related  
Supplies in This Spot**

Contact us at:  
maib.office@gmail.com

**Quality Cedar Strips  
MAS Epoxy  
Supplies • Tools**



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS  
the **NEWFOUND  
WOODWORKS inc.**  
603-744-6872  
www.newfound.com



# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE



**24' Sam Rabl Picaroon II**, cutter-rigged sloop pocket cruiser, gently used, built '80, strip-planked mahogany & teak, sound, dry bilge, ready to sail. All she needs is some varnish, cap rail plug replacements & minor mahogany trim work. LOD: 19', beam 8', draws 3.5', displacement 4,000lbs, full keel, full boat cover, electric motor (55lbs thrust) & deep cell marine battery. Keel stepped hollow spruce mast, full keel with 700lbs lead insert. Beautiful interior w/2 6' bunks, working sink, etc. Main, stays'l, 2 jibs, spinnaker, 2 anchors, Richie compass, signal flags, etc. Bad knees & sun allergy forces sale. I've had a ball w/this boat for 29 years, racing & boat shows & just goofing around. She turns heads. Looking for a good home for this girl. Located in San Diego, CA. \$9,500 OBO. ANNIE HOLMES, (858) 204-5277, annieholmes@mac.com (10)



**14' Jon-B**, '96 Jon boat hull w/major modifications to sailing scow. Road worthy trlr (new wheels & tires), electric trolling motors w/ batteries, oars & life jackets incl. \$2,150 Located in central NJ. JAY GOLDMAN, (609) 426-1740, jagoldman19@verizon.net (10)



**Chaisson Dory Tender**, 10'0"x3'11-1/2", built to professional standards in '10. Cedar on oak, copper & bronze fastened, fine cond. \$900. **Asa Thompson Skiff**, 11'2"x4'3", built to professional standards, copper & bronze fastened. Fine cond/. \$1,050 JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (10)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com). No telephone ads please.



**13'4" Boston Whitehall Pulling Boat**, 5/8" mahogany strips over white oak frame. Faithfully (well) built to plans drawn by R.A. Pittaway from the 1900-1920, example in the Mystic Seaport Collection, classic wineglass stern & plumb stem. Finished bright inside & out. Like new aluminum Trail-Lex trlr & rarely used boat offered at \$4,800 obo. Blueprint's & construction notes incl. LEWIS TAYLOR, Little Compton, RI, (401) 635-4464 (10)

**32' Fiberglass "Presto" Design Round-Bilge Sharpie Schooner**, w/unstayed aluminum masts, roller furling sails & wishbone booms. Walt Scott adaptation "Sandpiper 32" built by Marine Innovators. Draft boards up 19", boards down 4'6"; beam 8'; headroom 5'; aft cabin pop-top 6'+. Twin bilge boards. Included: 6hp 4-stroke Nissan o/b still under warranty. 10w solar panel, voltage regulator, two 32ah gel cell batteries, Garelick 71091 o/b mount w/very robust installation, will support much larger motor. Cockpit converts to double berth for sleeping outside on pleasant nights. Forward berths convert from 2 singles to a very large double. 8' Bimini top w/storage cover. Bought in '79 w/unfinished interior. Cabin interior heartwood from local old growth long leaf pine (*Pinus palustris*), local red bay (*Persea borbonia*), commercial western red cedar & commercial redwood. Anchor roller turned from rock hard pasture live oak. Sail area cat schooner 363sf, original sailcloth still fine but sail covers & stitching need TLC. Very easy to singlehand w/everything except anchor handling done from the cockpit. Very good shape though showing some signs of age & the effects of the Florida sun as is her owner. \$7,000. Also available: **2-Axle Trailer**, w/contour bunks for the Sandpiper & 4 new (\$238 ea!) tires. \$1,000. **Junk Rig Foresail**. \$800. **Mooring**, 2-35lb. folding fishermen anchors, 35lb. CQR plow, 80' 3/16" hot dipped galvanized chain, 18' 3/8" hot dipped galvanized chain, 7 lead plates weighing 38lb. each, assorted swivels & shackles & mooring ball. Free for the effort of raising it. Google album of photos @ <http://google/c2EHv>. BOB SHIPMAN, St. Petersburg FL, [shippy5418@gmail.com](mailto:shippy5418@gmail.com) (10)

**'76 Mirror Dinghy**, exc cond, 2 part LP paint on hull, interior finished bright. On new trlr, always stored inside. US\$1,149 obo. DAVID WATTS, Fayetteville, NY, (315) 622-5093 home; (315) 449-4767 work, [dw@twcnv.rr.com](mailto:dw@twcnv.rr.com) (10)



**No Man's Land Boat**, built '12 from Smithsonian plans of 1882 codfishing boat designed by James Beetle of New Bedford, MA. Described in Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* pages 168-172. 17'9" overall length, 5'10" beam. Cypress strip hull, fiberglassed inside & out. Bright finished mahogany seats. Centerboard. Both hollow masts are fir built birdsmouth fashion. Cat/ketch sprit sails, 72sf main, 31sf mizzen, Dacron from Sailrite in exc cond. 45lb thrust trolling motor & deep cycle battery. 2012 Magic Tilt galv trlr. Featured in Jan/Feb 2013 Issue #79 *Small Craft Advisor*. \$5,995. Video slideshow of construction at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HmD3Vhy2w9U>. - REX PAYNE, Spring Hill, FL, cell (317) 626-1973, [rkpayne96@yahoo.com](mailto:rkpayne96@yahoo.com) (10)

**17-1/2' Swampscott Dory, Price Reduced.** Traditionally built at The Landing School, ME. Riveted pine strakes, removable decking (both painted); oak frames & rails, mahogany top strake, thwarts & transom (all finished bright). 3 thwarts, 3 rowing stations & stern bench locker. Handsome, roomy, extremely stable hull in gd cond. Should be painted & bright work needs varnishing. Incl 2 prs leathered spruce oars (8' Shaw & Tenny and 7' unknown make), custom cushions for thwarts & bench deck & trlr. Located in the St. Lawrence River Valley in northern NY. This boat has enjoyed Lake Champlain & loves the St. Lawrence River; it is a solid ride on any water. \$3,000 PRICE NEGOTIABLE. SCOTT MILLER, Norwood, NY, (315) 384-4746, [112obrienrd@gmail.com](mailto:112obrienrd@gmail.com) (10)

**Stur-Dee Custom Built 10' Skiff**, (55" beam). Numerous bronze fittings & oarlocks. Teak seats, top side & "stern corner" trim. Spruce oars. Black bottom paint, red boot stripe. Vy substantial (138lbs), beautifully built w/lovely lines & full flotation. Can use 2-5hp motor. Stored indoors/showroom condition. New \$3,323, sell \$2,500obro. DON MAHARAN, E. Hampton, NY, (631) 324-0516, [dmaharam@maharam.com](mailto:dmaharam@maharam.com) (10)



**15' Mercury Sailboat**, by Cape Cod Ship Building Co. c/b version built in '52. Project boat, but worth the effort w/all original spars & bronze hardware. See: <http://www.capecodshipbuilding.com/site/fleet.php?boat=mercury>. I started restoring boat 2 years ago, but have other sailing needs now. Asking \$500obo. Located in Greenville, ME. For a compl description & photos contact: JOHN LIMMER, Beaver Cove, ME 04441, [jlimmer@newarka.edu](mailto:jlimmer@newarka.edu) (10)

**Older Birdwatcher**, compl, nds TLC. 2hp Suzuki on bracket. 1st \$2,000 takes it. Can be seen @ Big Water Marina, Starr, SC. WALT GILLET, (864) 226-3339. (10)

**17' Chestnut Cruiser**, as built by Temagami Canoe Co. New '94. Recanvassed after mishap on the Rupert in '99. Gd shape. Solid tripping canoe. \$1,900. JOHN FISKE, Beverly MA, (978) 921-5220, [johnfiske@comcast.net](mailto:johnfiske@comcast.net). (10)

**Nymph Dinghy**, tired of hanging from a garage ceiling for years wanting to see blue water again. My owner no longer has a boat so I languish & am forgotten & lonely. Please come rescue me from my current confinement. I am in exc cond. Outside I am painted red w/white boottop & blue underbody. My inside is naturally finished mahogany, as are the thwarts. To keep you from overloading me, my owner / builder decorated me with an official Plimsoll Mark. My oars are lightweight & leathered, & I delight in being rowed long distances by knowledgeable sailors. Give me a new home & let me do what I do best; hanging out behind a nice sailboat; & being of service to you after you have dropped the anchor. If you offer my owner \$425, you'll get a beautifully built bargain. I can be reached at (860) 6335351, [chbenneck@sbcglobal.net](mailto:chbenneck@sbcglobal.net) (9)



**CLC Tread Avon Sea Kayak**, predecessor to Chesapeake Double. Vy gd cond, located in FL. \$900. BSD Sailing kit available; like new. Inq for details and photo. JOHN, (970) 275-5286, [jjda36618@yahoo.com](mailto:jjda36618@yahoo.com) (9)

**11'2" Shellback Rowing/Sailing Dinghy**, designed by Joel White. Almost new w/new Shaw & Tenny 7'6" spoon blade, leathered & tipped oars; extra rowing seat that gives more adjustment possibilities when rowing. Incl: bailer; aluminum anchor; sail w/pennant; halyard & sheet w/Harken block; belaying pin; 2 flotation seat cushions; 2PDF vests; 2 large fenders for use as rollers for beach launching; & the Shellback Building Manual. On a special lightweight Traillex aluminum trlr making it easy to launch, by car, or by hand. Call for photos. \$4,200.

CONBERT H. BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351, [chbenneck@sbcglobal.net](mailto:chbenneck@sbcglobal.net) (9)

**Interclub Dingy**. Everything there, ready to race or just sail. Fun boat. \$950. DONALD CARTER, Auburn, ME, (207) 376-4540. (9)

**23' O'Day Sloop**, '70s era. Sails okay. No motor or trlr. Can arrange delivery. DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, [dc.cass@gmail.com](mailto:dc.cass@gmail.com) (9)



**Ken Bassett Design "Liz"**, 18' rowing shell. White cedar planks, cherry fit out. Incl Piantadosi Rowing Wing. New boat built by Sutherland Boat & Coach, '06, never been in the water. \$10,500. ED WIGHTMAN, Hammondsport, NY, (607) 868-3025 (9)

## GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

### Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit [www.messingabout.com](http://www.messingabout.com) for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL** on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send \$9.95 for Book of Boat Designs describing 300 boats you can build.

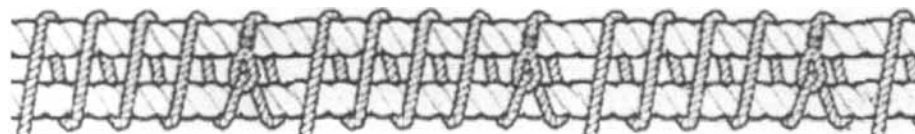
GLEN-L, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706. 888-700-5007, [www.Glen-L.com/MA](http://www.Glen-L.com/MA) (on-line catalog). (TFP)

**Glen-L Power Skiff 14**, plans, patterns, Stitch & Glue Manual. \$65. **John Welsford's Tread Lightly**, plans, detail dwgs, building sequence. \$75. **Oughtred 14'6" Willy Boat**, plans, patterns. \$60. Shipping paid by seller. BOB GUESS, Chesapeake, VA, [bobguess@cox.net](mailto:bobguess@cox.net) (10)

**WoodenBoat Collection**: Issues Nos 1-198. All compl in mint cond. \$165. RON KILBURN, (252) 249-3359, [mkilburn27@earthlink.net](mailto:mkilburn27@earthlink.net) (10)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

**Lakefront House**, in Beaver Cove, near Greenville, ME on Moosehead Lake; New England's largest and most beautiful lake. Moosehead offers excellent boating (power, sail & paddle). The Association dock is in front of the house on common land and the Association's large sandy beach is a very short walk away. Boat mooring comes w/ house. Direct access to ATV & snowmobile trails (ITS system). For web listing see: [www.billhiggins.com/Listings/WH/WH-529.htm](http://www.billhiggins.com/Listings/WH/WH-529.htm) Contact the owner at: [jlimmer@newarka.edu](mailto:jlimmer@newarka.edu). JOHN LIMMER, Beaver Cove, ME (10)



The  
Traditional  
Small Craft  
Association,  
Inc.

PO Box 350,  
Mystic, CT  
06355

[www.tsca.net](http://www.tsca.net)

## Come aboard!

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

Contact your nearest TSCA chapter (nearly 30 are listed on our website). Find out how

to connect with like-minded souls, or form your own group, and enjoy the thrill of "simply messing about" in boats.

Enjoy our quarterly, *The Ash Breeze*, and stay abreast of boatyard, backyard, and on-the-water activities.

Membership starts at \$20.  
Sign on, today.



# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

## Hubris



# messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

PRSRT STD  
US POSTAGE PAID  
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901  
PERMIT #148

**913**



## ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT OARS

### GET THEM WHILE THEY'RE FREE

Almost every boat company of note charges extra for their oars. For ease of ordering, we've always included oars in the price of our boats. We haven't raised our prices in 10 years....a period during which all of our suppliers have raised their prices.

We are now at the point where we have no choice. We thought a reasonable approach would be to remove the price of the oars from the price for our boats. This change will take place Jan 1, 2014.

Depending on oar length and the wood of choice, the change will range from \$300 to \$650.

If you purchase your boat now, or order it for next year, we will honor our current prices.

## UPCOMING SHOWS

Oct 3-6 US Power Boat Show, Annapolis MD

Oct 10-14 US Sail Boat Show, Annapolis MD

[www.adirondack-guide-boat.com](http://www.adirondack-guide-boat.com)

[guideboat@together.net](mailto:guideboat@together.net)

(802) 425-3926

6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05473